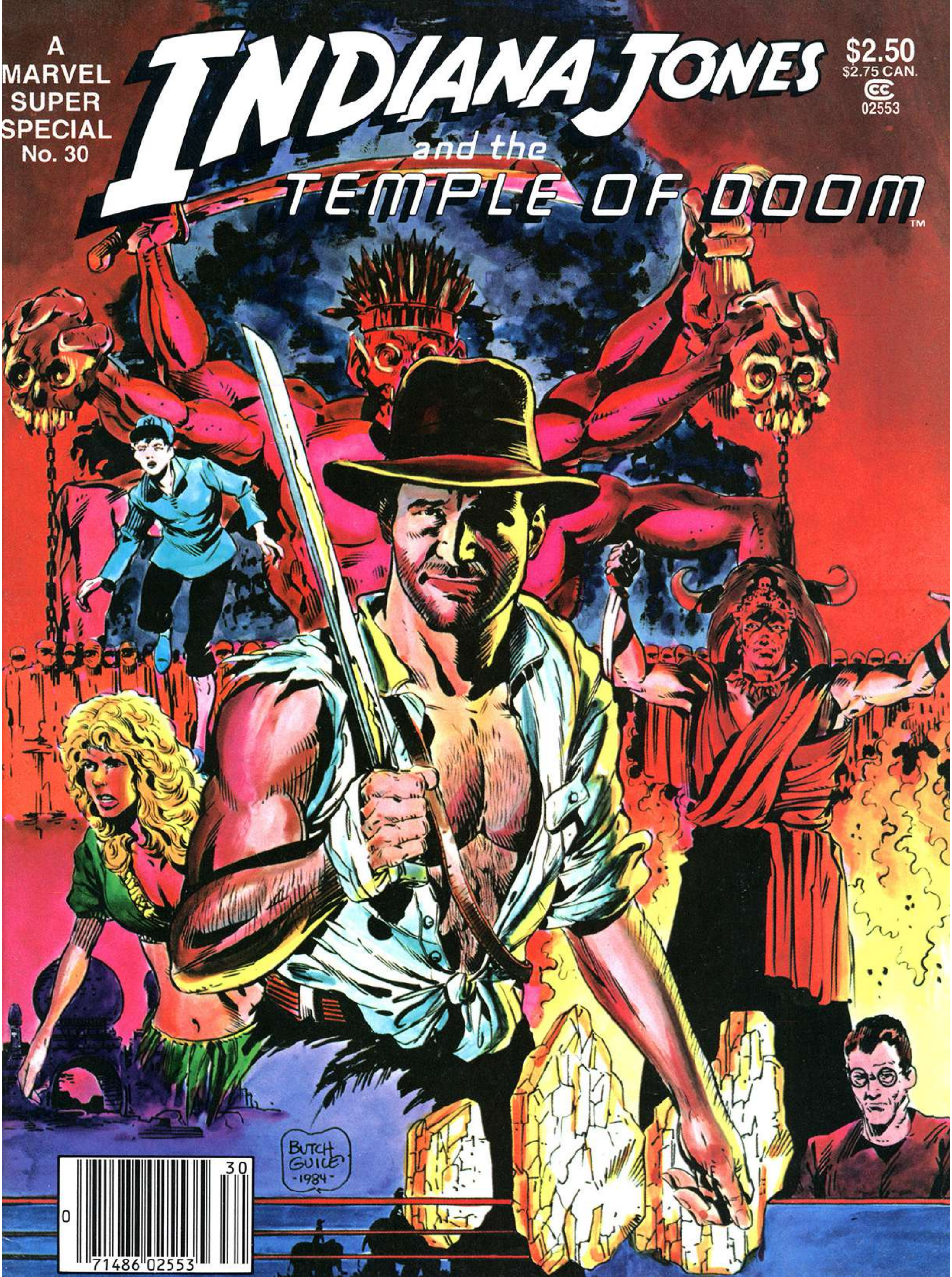

A MARVEL SUPER SPECIAL No. 30
INDIANA JONES and the TEMPLE OF DOOM™
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**STAN LEE PRESENTS**
**A MARVEL SUPER SPECIAL MAGAZINE**
**THE OFFICIAL COMICS ADAPTATION OF**

**PARAMOUNT PICTURES Presents**
**A LUCASFILM LTD. Production**
**A STEVEN SPIELBERG Film**

# INDIANA JONES and the TEMPLE OF DOOM™

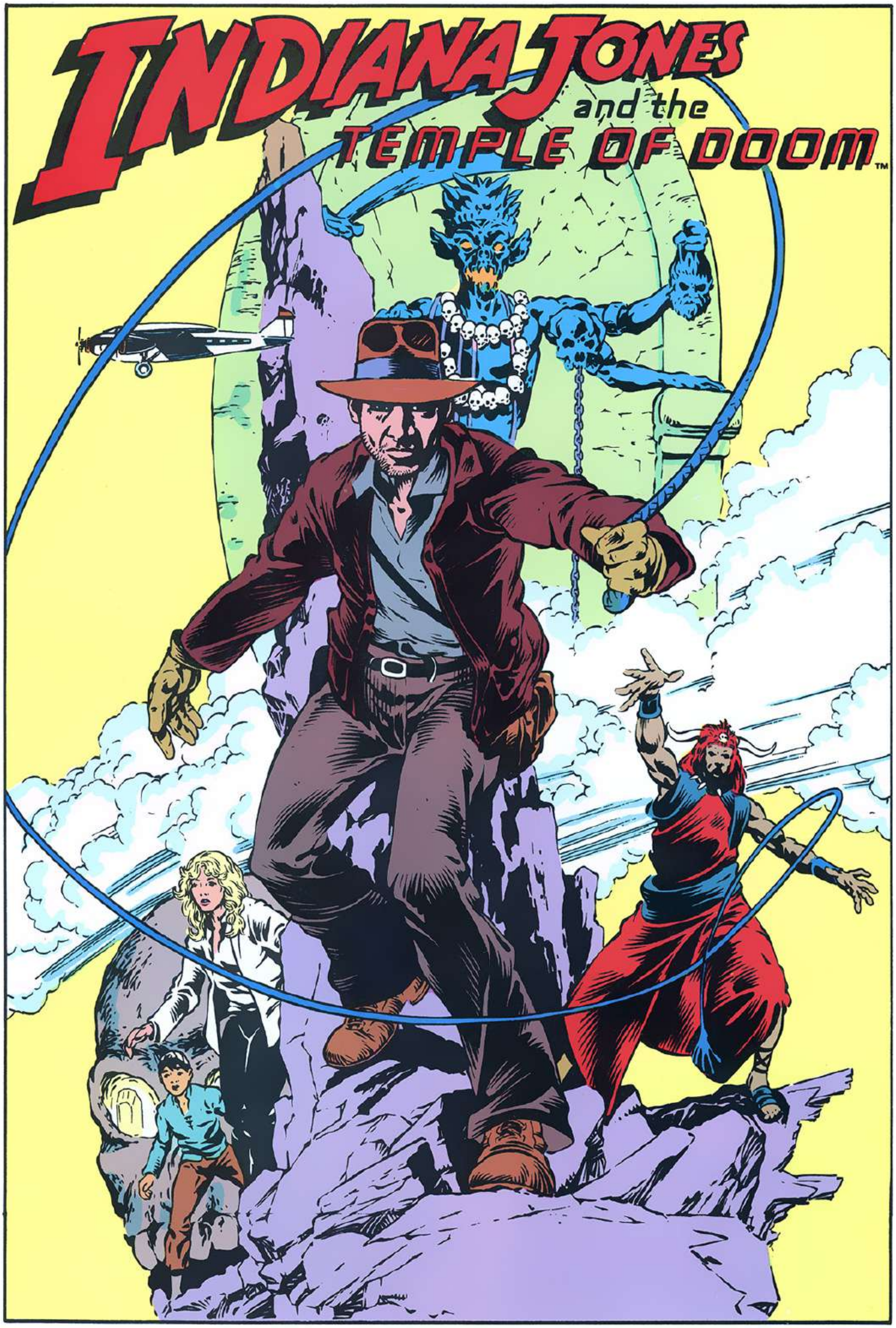
Adapted by **DAVID MICHELINIE**
Art by **JACKSON "BUTCH" GUICE, IAN AKIN, BRIAN GARVEY, and BOB CAMP**
Colored by **ANDY YANCHUS**
Lettered by **JOHN MORELLI**
Cover by **JACKSON GUICE**
Edited by **TOM DEFALCO** and **ELIOT BROWN**
Editor in Chief **JIM SHOOTER**

Art / Production Supervisor **DANNY CRESPI**
Traffic Manager **VIRGINIA ROMITA**
Production Staff **RON ZALME, JOHN MORELLI, JOE ALBELO, BRENDA MINGS, BARRY SHAPIRO, PAUL BECTON, ROB CAROSELLA, HARRY CANDELARIO, JACK ABEL, GEORGE ROUSSOS, MARK TEXEIRA, PHIL FELIX, ED NORTON, CRAIG ANDERSON, LYNN COHEN**

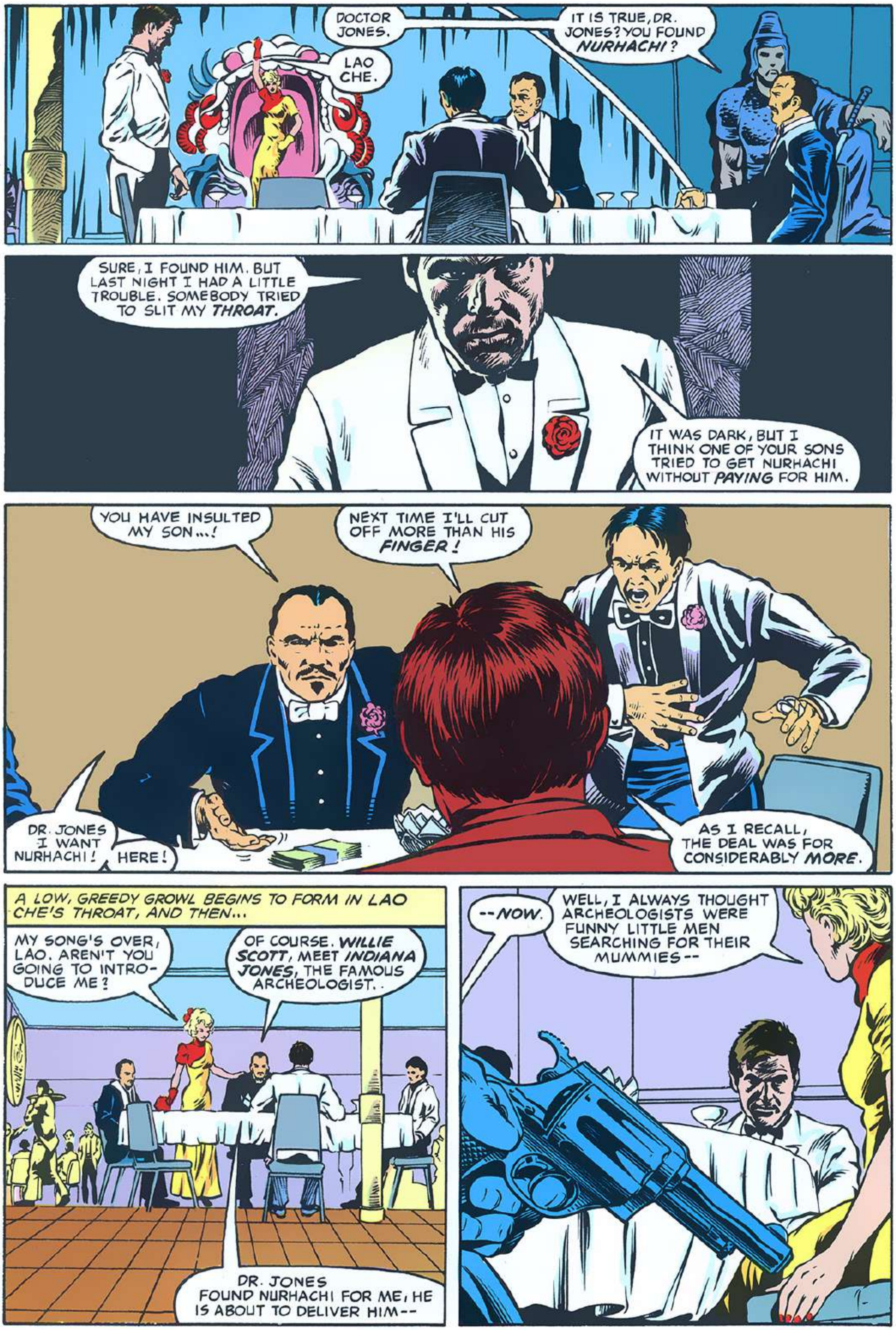
Based on the film starring
**HARRISON FORD * KATE CAPSHAW**
Co-starring **AMRISH PURI, ROSHAN SETH, PHILIP STONE, ROY CHIAO,**
And introducing **KE HUY QUAN** as **SHORT ROUND**

Executive Producers **GEORGE LUCAS** and **FRANK MARSHALL**
Associate Producer **KATHLEEN KENNEDY**
Music by **JOHN WILLIAMS**
Screenplay by **GLORIA KATZ** and **WILLARD HUYCK**
Story by **GEORGE LUCAS**
Produced by **ROBERT WATTS**
Directed by **STEVEN SPIELBERG**

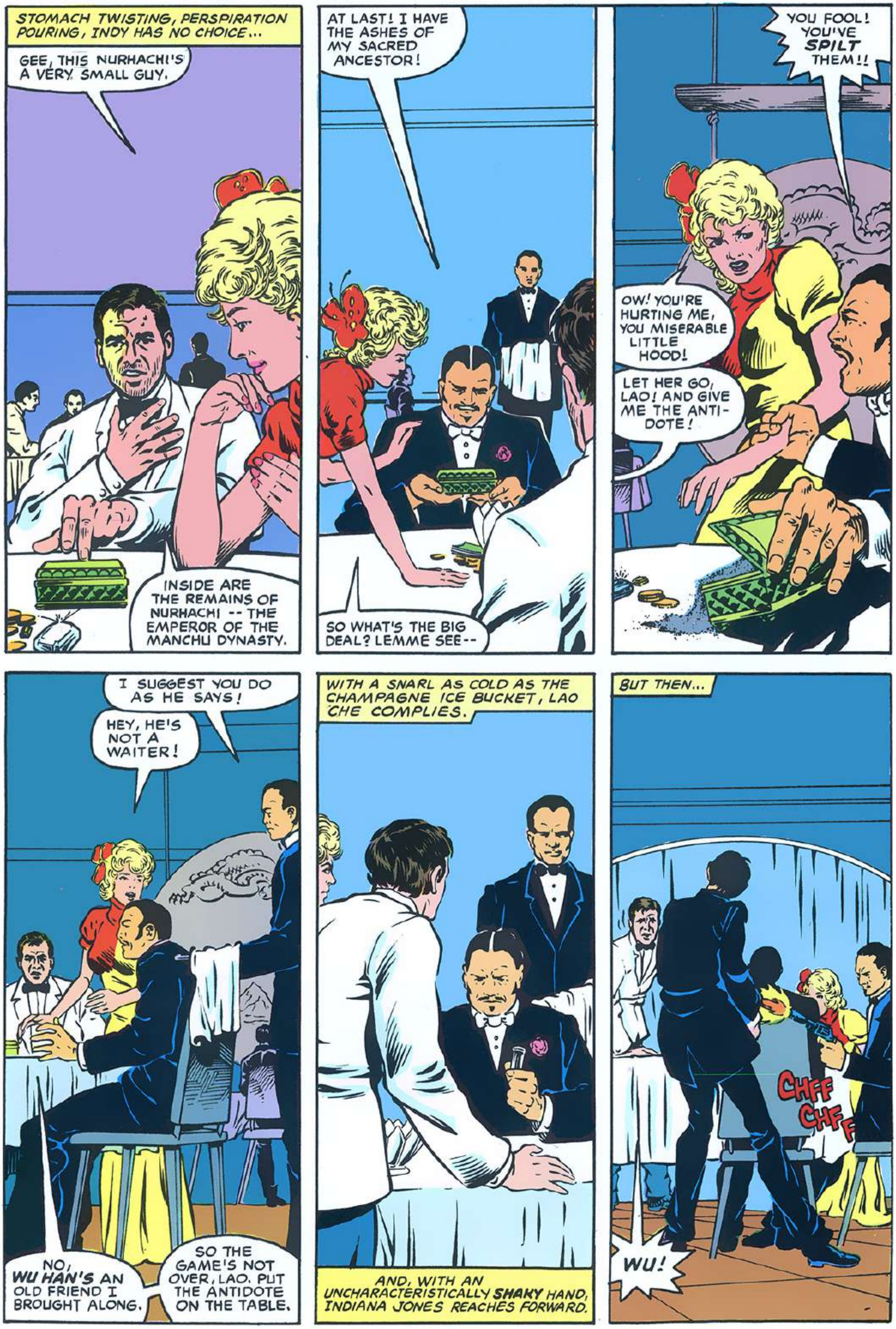
**MARVEL SUPER SPECIAL ™ Vol. 1, No. 30.** Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, James E. Galton, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Michael Hobson, Vice-President, Publishing. Milton Schiffman, Vice-President, Production. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. Published four times a year. Trademark INDIANA JONES AND THE TEMPLE OF DOOM™ is owned by Lucasfilm Ltd. (LFL) and used by permission.  Price $2.50 per copy in the U.S. and $2.75 per copy in Canada. All business inquiries should be addressed to Ed Shukin, Vice-President of Circulation, 10th floor. Printed in the U.S.A. 

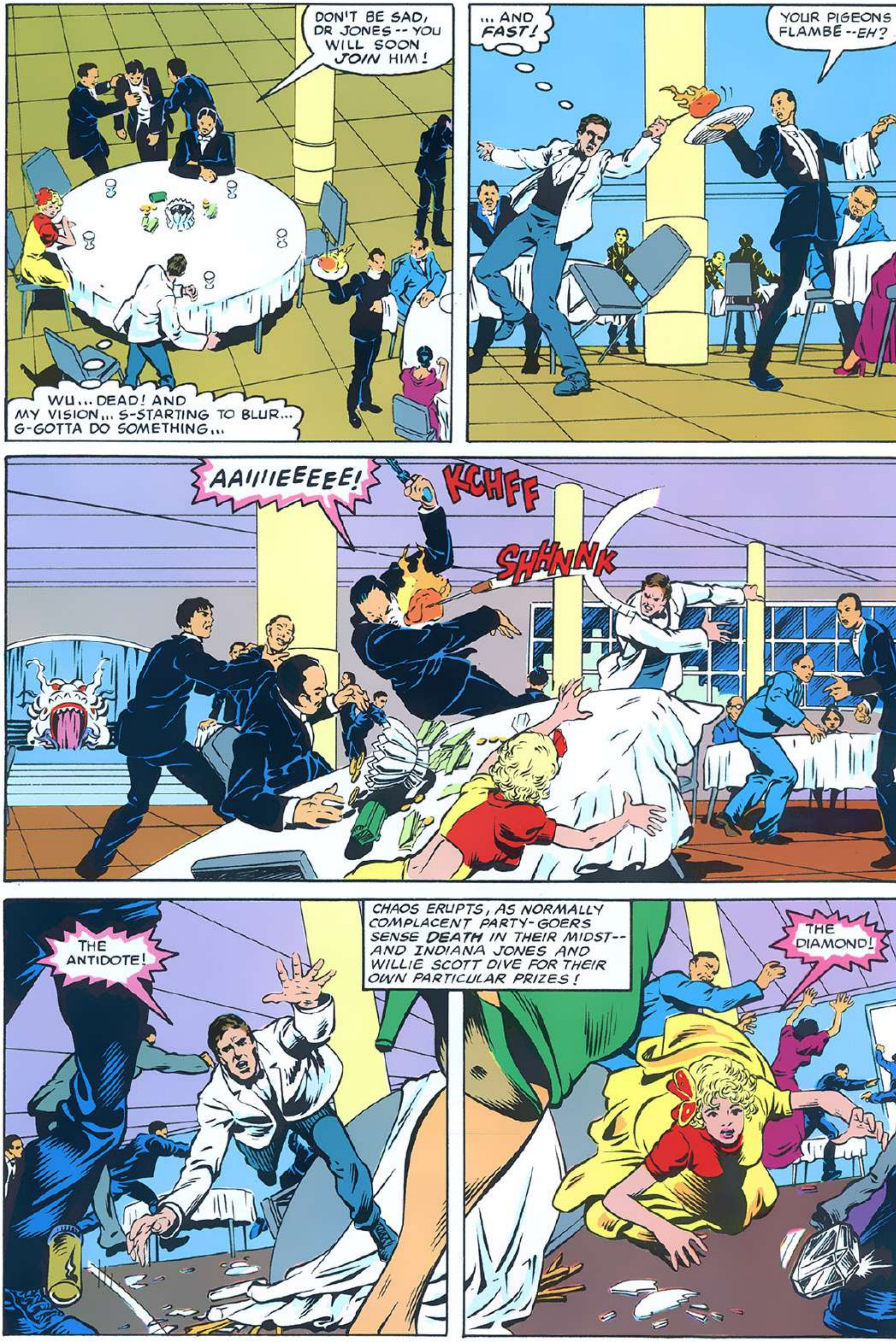

INDIANA JONES
and the
TEMPLE OF DOOM

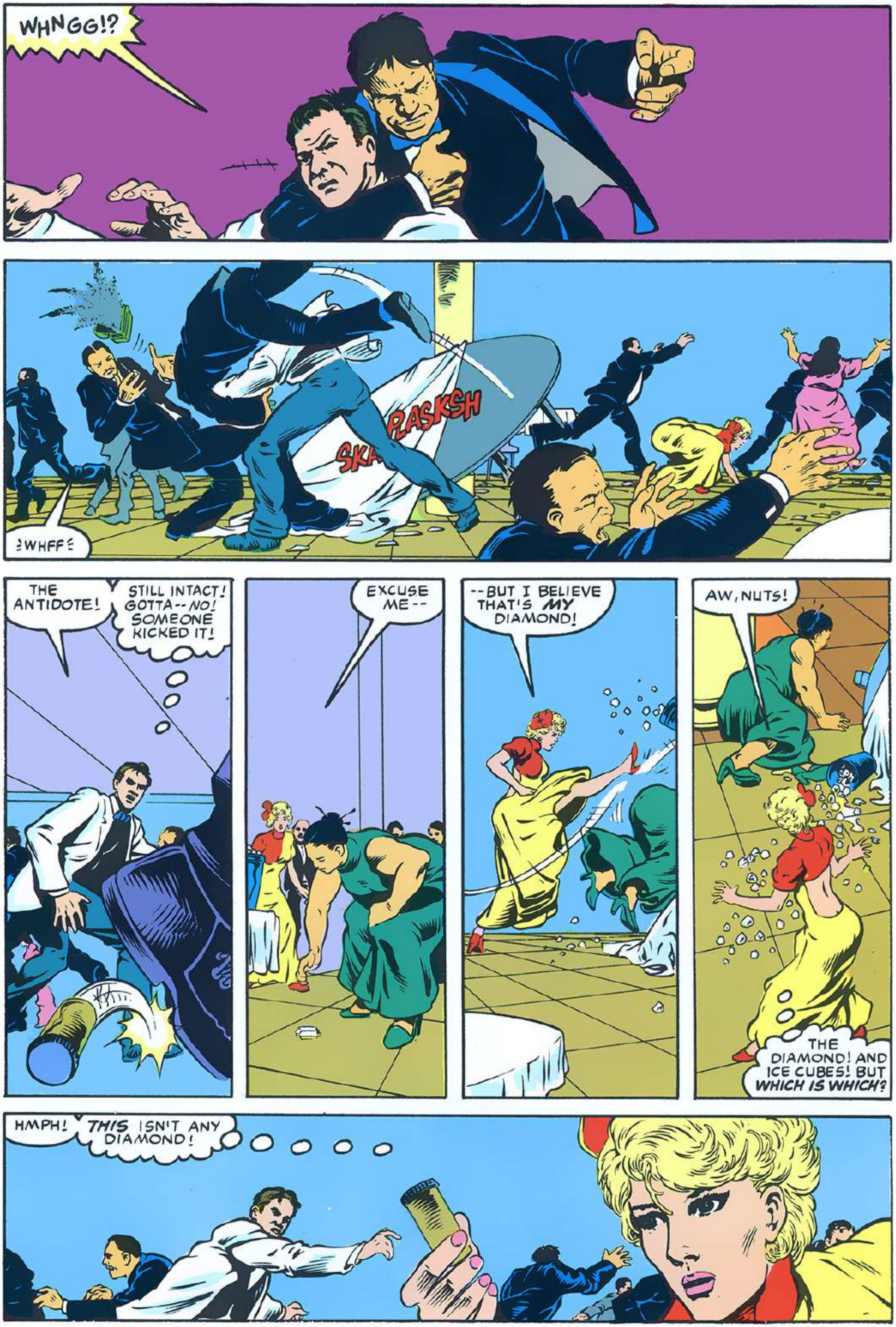

SHANGHAI. 1935.
IN THE SMOKE-CLOAKED BALLROOM OF THE "OBI WAN" NIGHTCLUB, PATRONS LISTEN TO THE SULTRY SONGS OF A DREAMY AMERICAN CHANTEUSE, PAYING LITTLE HEED TO WHAT TRANSPIRES AT THE OTHER TABLES AROUND THEM.
FOR IN SHANGHAI, ONE QUICKLY LEARNS TO MIND ONE'S OWN BUSINESS.
THERE ARE, OF COURSE, EXCEPTIONS. FOR EXAMPLE, THE ENTRANCE OF A HANDSOME NEW PATRON GARNERS THE LOW GLANCES AND ADMIRING ATTENTION OF THE USUALLY JADED HAT-CHECK GIRLS--
--SMILING WOMEN WHO IGNORE THE FACT THAT THE STRANGER'S TUXEDO JACKET IS CUT EVER SO SLIGHTLY LOOSER THAN STYLE DICTATES, AS IF TO FACILITATE SUDDEN SWIFT MOVEMENT.
BUT THEN, THIS MAN HAS ALWAYS GIVEN MORE CONSIDERATION TO CAUTION THAN FASHION. OR TO MUCH OF ANYTHING ELSE.
THE REASON IS SIMPLE:
IT KEEPS HIM ALIVE.

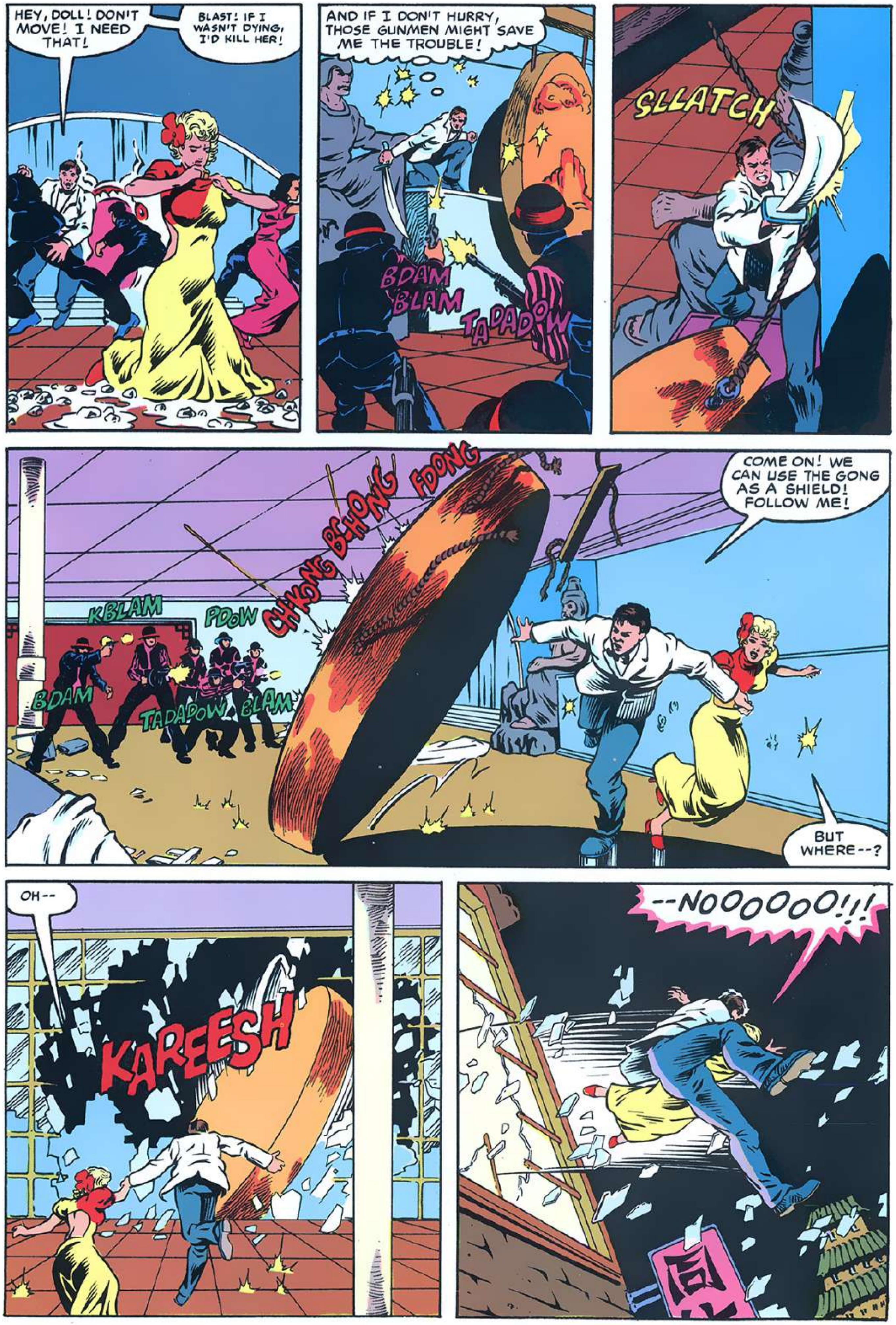

DOCTOR JONES.
LAO CHE.
IT IS TRUE, DR. JONES? YOU FOUND NURHACHI?
SURE, I FOUND HIM. BUT LAST NIGHT I HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE. SOMEBODY TRIED TO SLIT MY THROAT.
IT WAS DARK, BUT I THINK ONE OF YOUR SONS TRIED TO GET NURHACHI WITHOUT PAYING FOR HIM.
YOU HAVE INSULTED MY SON...!
NEXT TIME I'LL CUT OFF MORE THAN HIS FINGER!
DR. JONES I WANT NURHACHI!
HERE!
AS I RECALL, THE DEAL WAS FOR CONSIDERABLY MORE.
A LOW, GREEDY GROWL BEGINS TO FORM IN LAO CHE'S THROAT, AND THEN...
MY SONG'S OVER, LAO. AREN'T YOU GOING TO INTRODUCE ME?
OF COURSE. WILLIE SCOTT, MEET INDIANA JONES, THE FAMOUS ARCHEOLOGIST..
DR. JONES FOUND NURHACHI FOR ME, HE IS ABOUT TO DELIVER HIM--
--NOW.
WELL, I ALWAYS THOUGHT ARCHEOLOGISTS WERE FUNNY LITTLE MEN SEARCHING FOR THEIR MUMMIES--

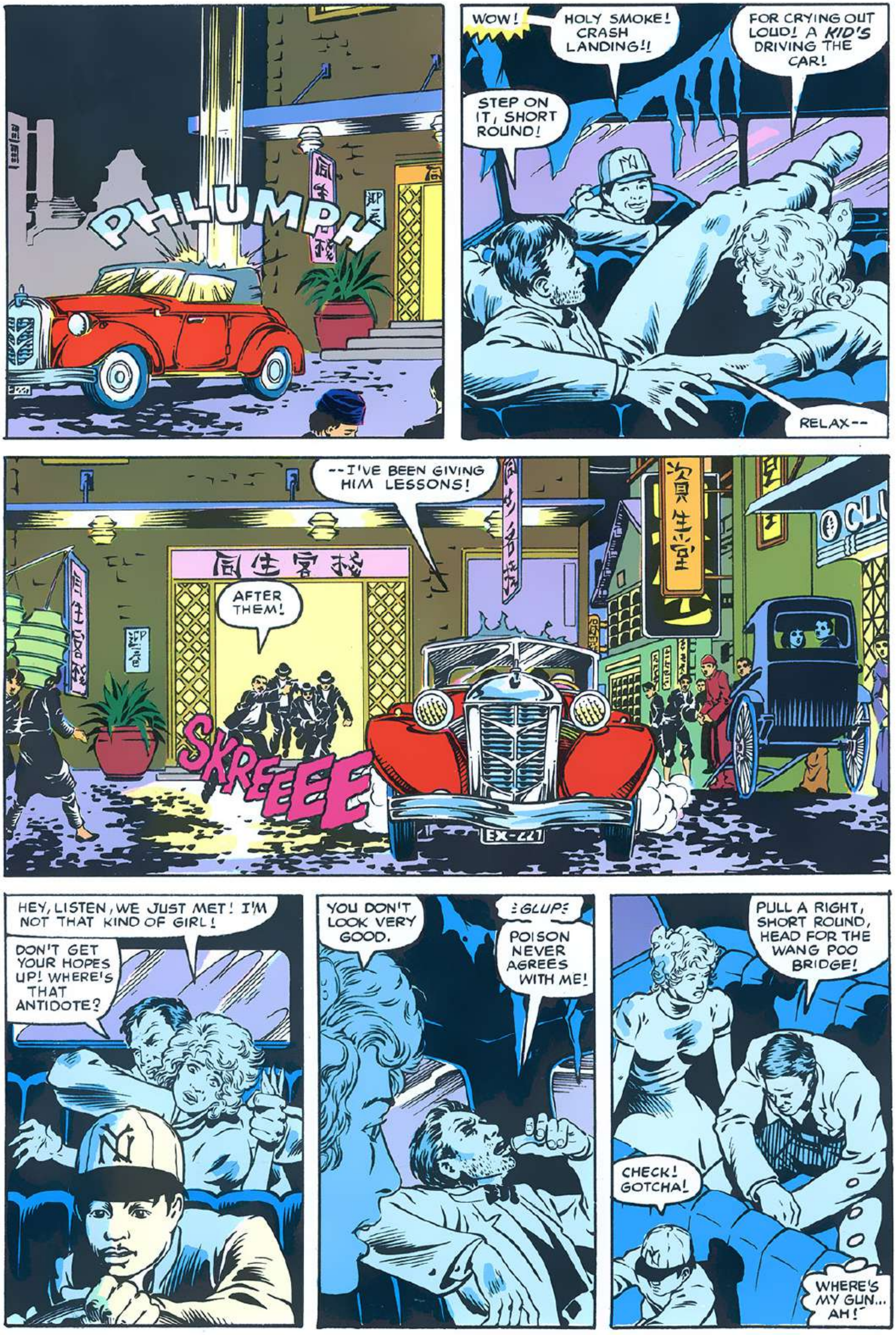

-- AAAHHH! HEY, I-I WAS ONLY KIDDING! CAN'T YOU TAKE A JOKE ?!
LAO--?!
PUT THE GUN AWAY, SONNY.
I SUGGEST YOU PAY ME WHAT YOU PROMISED, LAO-- OR YOUR GIRLFRIEND HERE IS GONNA BE SQUEALIN' A NEW TUNE!
THE DIAMOND, LAO! THE DEAL WAS FOR THE DIAMOND!
RELUCTANTLY, LAO CHE REACHES INTO HIS JACKET, AND...
BINGO! YOU SEE, LAO, WITH A BIT OF PERSUASION, EVEN YOU CAN BE AN HONEST FELLOW!
HOWEVER, AS INDY LEANS FORWARD TO EXAMINE HIS SPOILS...
CONGRATULATIONS, DR. JONES. YOU HAVE WON. LET US DRINK TO YOUR HEALTH.
THANKS. BY THE WAY, WHAT IS THIS STUFF.
A BONUS, DR. JONES. IT IS POISON-- AND YOU JUST DRANK THE REST OF IT!
A DEAL... YOU GIVE ME BACK THE DIAMOND, AND I GIVE YOU THE ANTIDOTE!
THE POISON WORKS FAST, DR. JONES-- I WANT THE DIAMOND, AND NURHACHI!

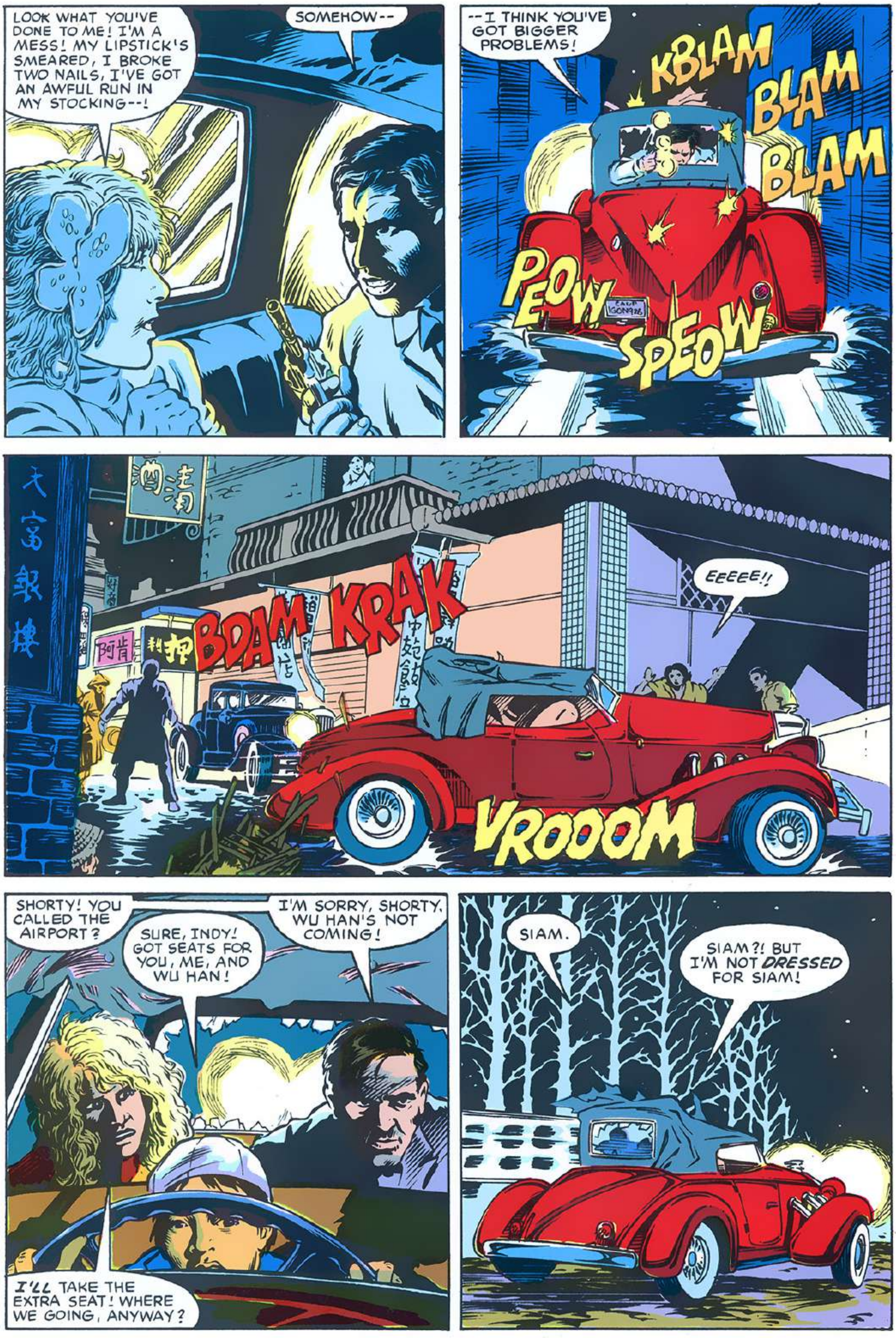

STOMACH TWISTING, PERSPIRATION POURING, INDY HAS NO CHOICE...
GEE, THIS NURHACHI'S A VERY SMALL GUY.
INSIDE ARE THE REMAINS OF NURHACHI -- THE EMPEROR OF THE MANCHU DYNASTY.
AT LAST! I HAVE THE ASHES OF MY SACRED ANCESTOR!
SO WHAT'S THE BIG DEAL? LEMME SEE--
YOU FOOL! YOU'VE SPILT THEM!!
OW! YOU'RE HURTING ME, YOU MISERABLE LITTLE HOOD!
LET HER GO, LAO! AND GIVE ME THE ANTI-DOTE!
I SUGGEST YOU DO AS HE SAYS!
HEY, HE'S NOT A WAITER!
NO, WU HAN'S AN OLD FRIEND I BROUGHT ALONG.
SO THE GAME'S NOT OVER, LAO. PUT THE ANTIDOTE ON THE TABLE.
WITH A SNARL AS COLD AS THE CHAMPAGNE ICE BUCKET, LAO CHE COMPLIES.
AND, WITH AN UNCHARACTERISTICALLY SHAKY HAND, INDIANA JONES REACHES FORWARD.
BUT THEN...
CHFF CHFF
WU!

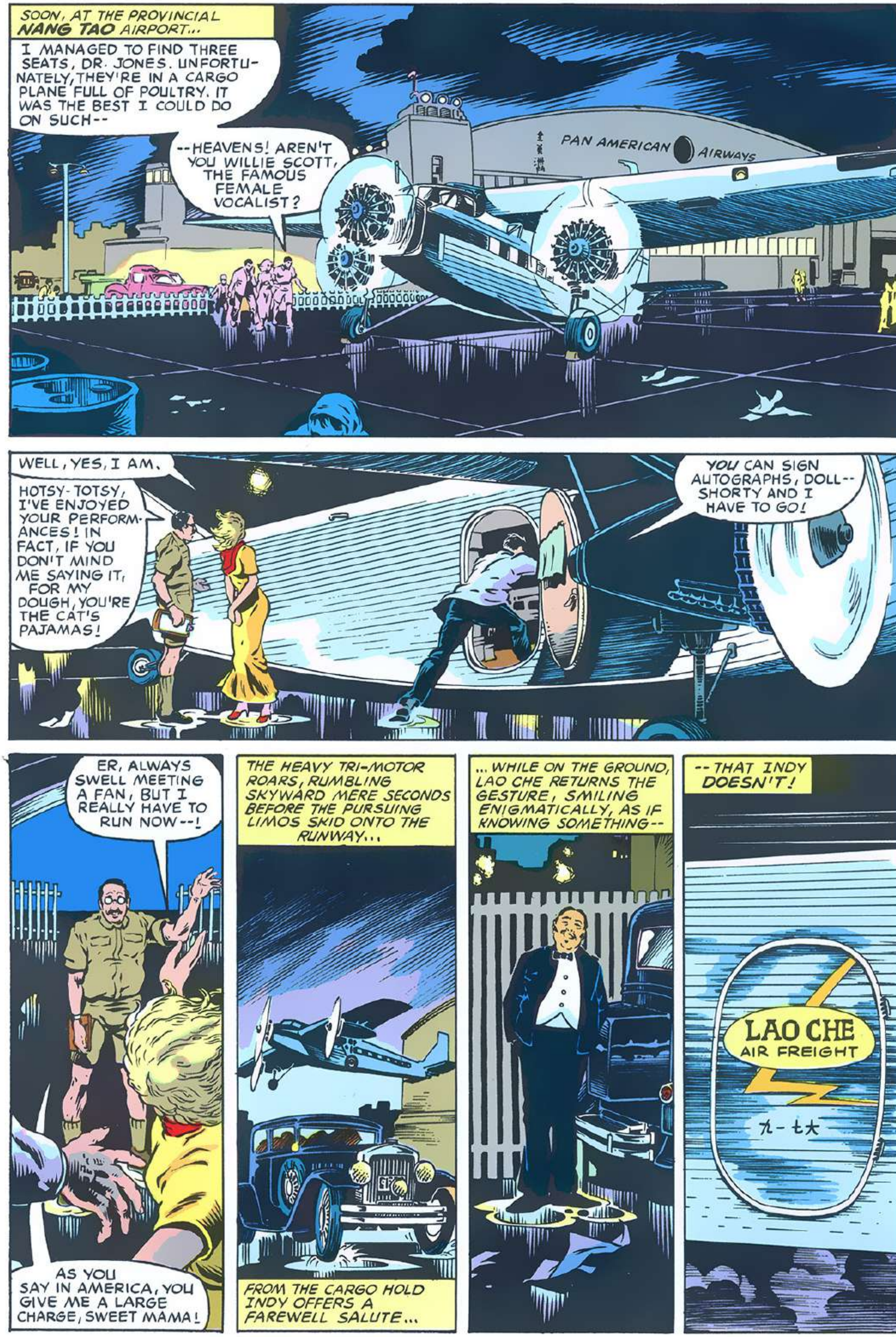

DON'T BE SAD, DR JONES -- YOU WILL SOON JOIN HIM!
WU... DEAD! AND MY VISION... S-STARTING TO BLUR... G-GOTTA DO SOMETHING...
... AND FAST!
YOUR PIGEONS FLAMBÉ -- EH?
AAIIIIEEEEE!
KCHFF
SHHNNK
THE ANTIDOTE!
CHAOS ERUPTS, AS NORMALLY COMPLACENT PARTY-GOERS SENSE DEATH IN THEIR MIDST-- AND INDIANA JONES AND WILLIE SCOTT DIVE FOR THEIR OWN PARTICULAR PRIZES!
THE DIAMOND!

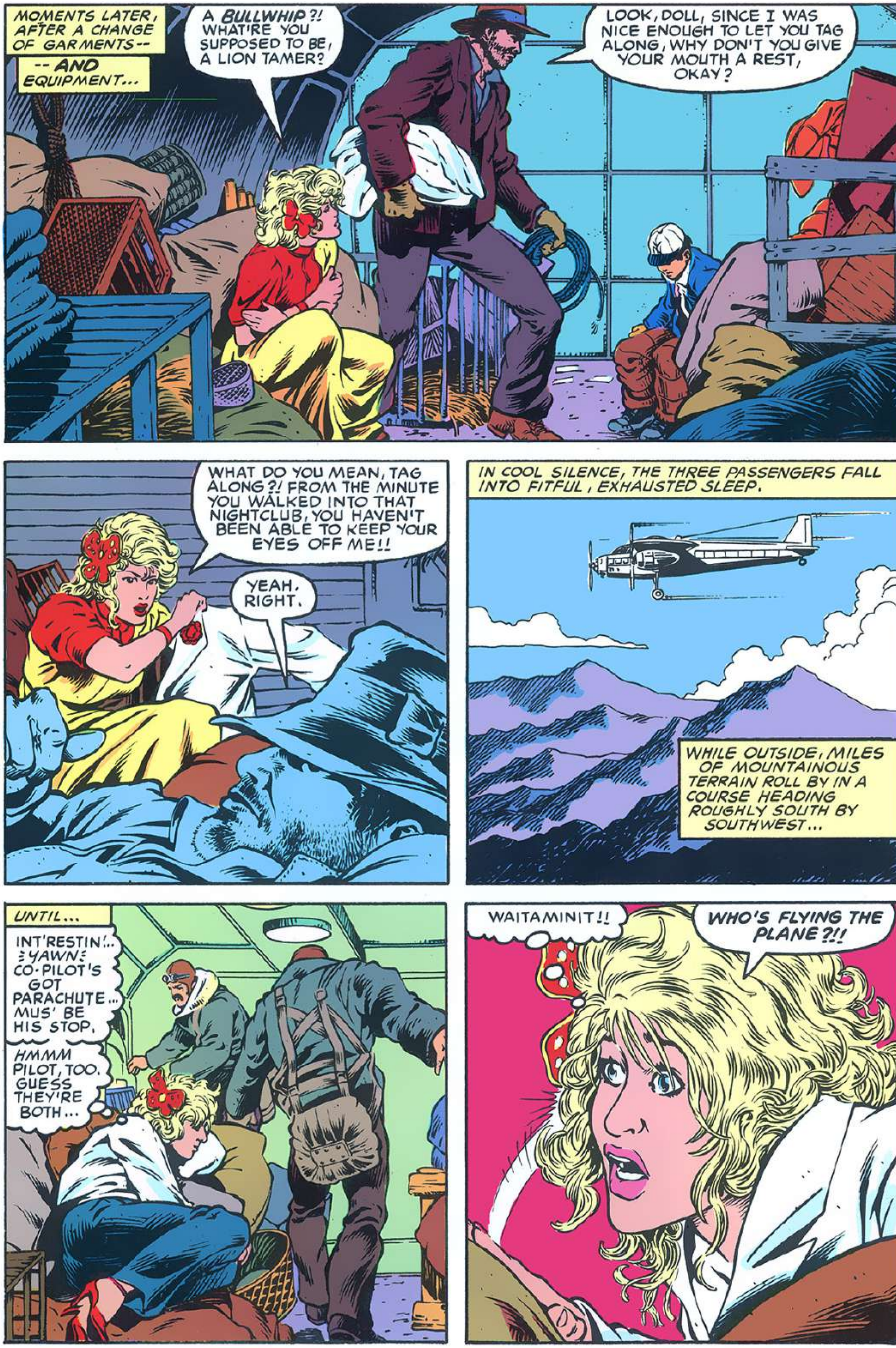

WHNGG!?
SKA-PLASKSH
≋WHFF≋
THE ANTIDOTE!
STILL INTACT! GOTTA-- NO! SOMEONE KICKED IT!
EXCUSE ME--
--BUT I BELIEVE THAT'S MY DIAMOND!
AW, NUTS!
THE DIAMOND! AND ICE CUBES! BUT WHICH IS WHICH?
HMPH!
THIS ISN'T ANY DIAMOND!

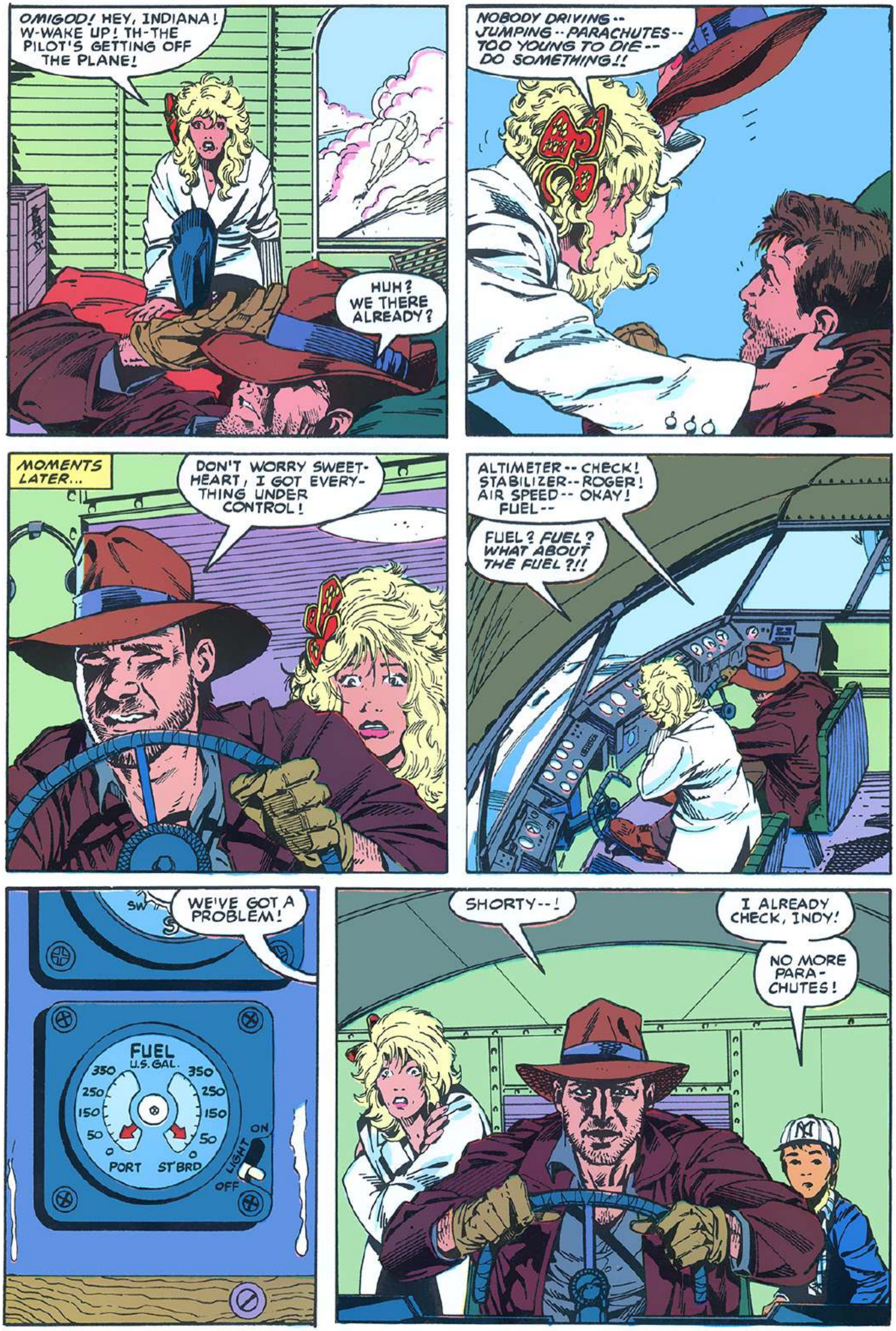

HEY, DOLL! DON'T MOVE! I NEED THAT!
BLAST! IF I WASN'T DYING, I'D KILL HER!
AND IF I DON'T HURRY, THOSE GUNMEN MIGHT SAVE ME THE TROUBLE!
BDAM
BLAM
TADADOW
SLLATCH
CHONG
BCHONG
FDONG
KBLAM
PDOW
BDAM
TADADOW
BLAM
COME ON! WE CAN USE THE GONG AS A SHIELD! FOLLOW ME!
BUT WHERE--?
OH--
KAREESH
--NOOOOOO!!!

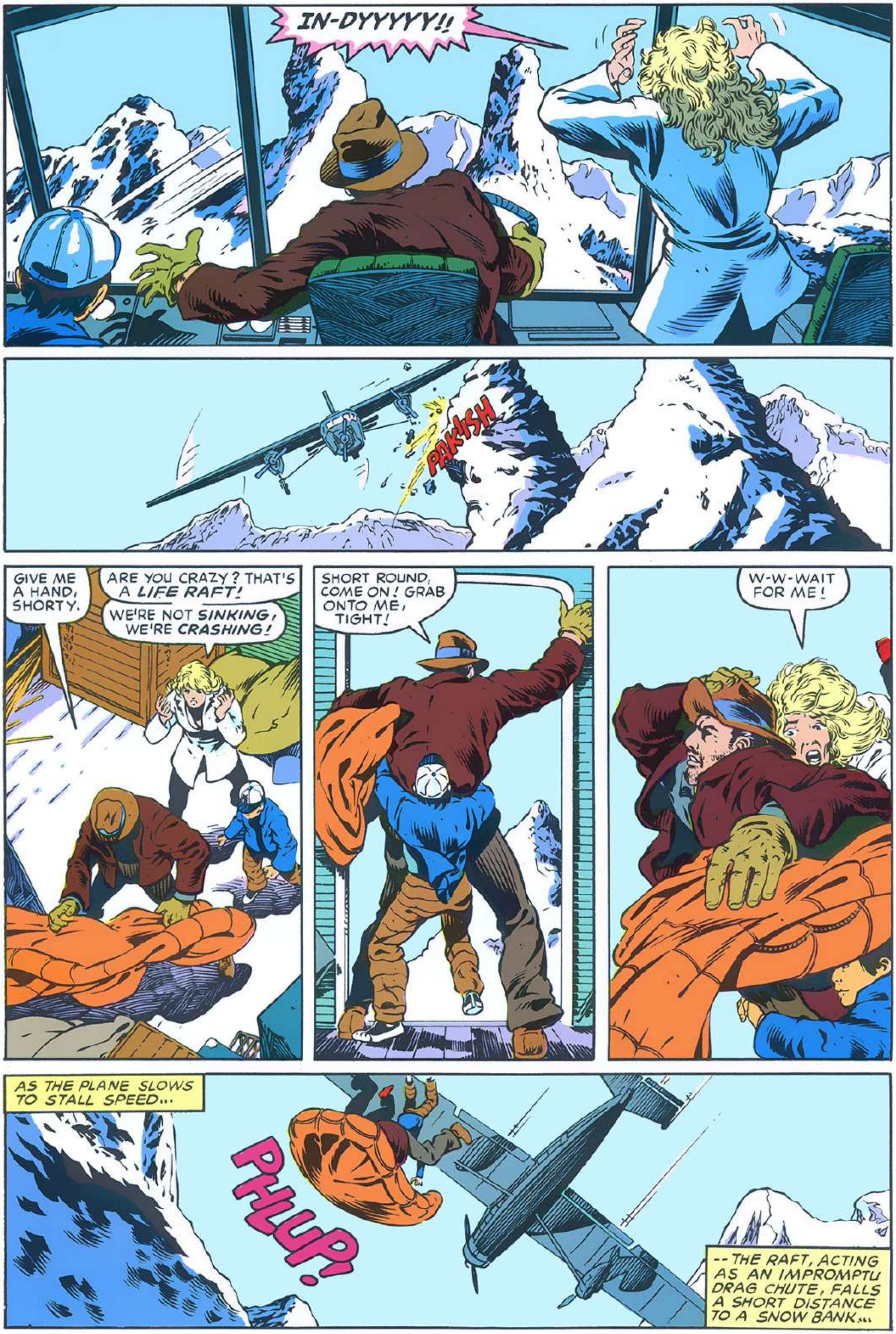

PHLUMPH
WOW!
HOLY SMOKE! CRASH LANDING!!
FOR CRYING OUT LOUD! A KID'S DRIVING THE CAR!
STEP ON IT, SHORT ROUND!
RELAX--
--I'VE BEEN GIVING HIM LESSONS!
AFTER THEM!
SKREEEEE
EX-227
HEY, LISTEN, WE JUST MET! I'M NOT THAT KIND OF GIRL!
DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP! WHERE'S THAT ANTIDOTE?
YOU DON'T LOOK VERY GOOD.
GLUP
POISON NEVER AGREES WITH ME!
PULL A RIGHT, SHORT ROUND, HEAD FOR THE WANG POO BRIDGE!
CHECK! GOTCHA!
WHERE'S MY GUN... AH!


LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME! I'M A MESS! MY LIPSTICK'S SMEARED, I BROKE TWO NAILS, I'VE GOT AN AWFUL RUN IN MY STOCKING--!
SOMEHOW--
--I THINK YOU'VE GOT BIGGER PROBLEMS!
KBLAM
BLAM
BLAM
PEOW
SPEOW
BDAM
KRAK
EEEEE!!
VROOOM
SHORTY! YOU CALLED THE AIRPORT?
SURE, INDY! GOT SEATS FOR YOU, ME, AND WU HAN!
I'M SORRY, SHORTY, WU HAN'S NOT COMING!
I'LL TAKE THE EXTRA SEAT! WHERE WE GOING, ANYWAY?
SIAM.
SIAM?! BUT I'M NOT DRESSED FOR SIAM!

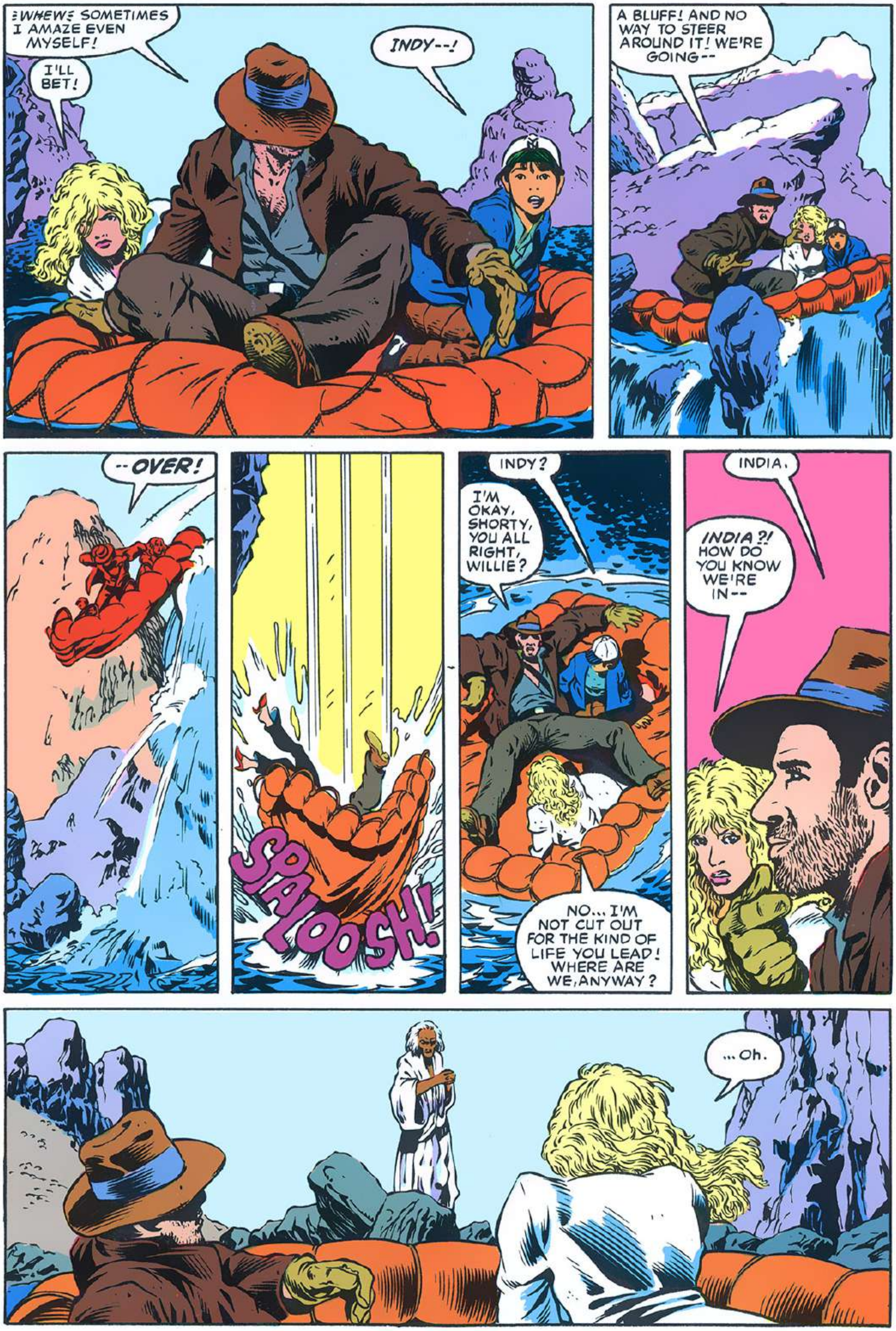

SOON, AT THE PROVINCIAL NANG TAO AIRPORT...
I MANAGED TO FIND THREE SEATS, DR. JONES. UNFORTUNATELY, THEY'RE IN A CARGO PLANE FULL OF POULTRY. IT WAS THE BEST I COULD DO ON SUCH--
--HEAVENS! AREN'T YOU WILLIE SCOTT, THE FAMOUS FEMALE VOCALIST?
PAN AMERICAN AIRWAYS
WELL, YES, I AM.
HOTSY-TOTSY, I'VE ENJOYED YOUR PERFORMANCES! IN FACT, IF YOU DON'T MIND ME SAYING IT, FOR MY DOUGH, YOU'RE THE CAT'S PAJAMAS!
YOU CAN SIGN AUTOGRAPHS, DOLL-- SHORTY AND I HAVE TO GO!
ER, ALWAYS SWELL MEETING A FAN, BUT I REALLY HAVE TO RUN NOW--!
AS YOU SAY IN AMERICA, YOU GIVE ME A LARGE CHARGE, SWEET MAMA!
THE HEAVY TRI-MOTOR ROARS, RUMBLING SKYWARD MERE SECONDS BEFORE THE PURSUING LIMOS SKID ONTO THE RUNWAY...
FROM THE CARGO HOLD INDY OFFERS A FAREWELL SALUTE...
... WHILE ON THE GROUND, LAO CHE RETURNS THE GESTURE, SMILING ENIGMATICALLY, AS IF KNOWING SOMETHING--
--THAT INDY DOESN'T!
LAO CHE AIR FREIGHT


MOMENTS LATER, AFTER A CHANGE OF GARMENTS--
-- AND EQUIPMENT...
A BULLWHIP?! WHAT'RE YOU SUPPOSED TO BE, A LION TAMER?
LOOK, DOLL, SINCE I WAS NICE ENOUGH TO LET YOU TAG ALONG, WHY DON'T YOU GIVE YOUR MOUTH A REST, OKAY?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, TAG ALONG?! FROM THE MINUTE YOU WALKED INTO THAT NIGHTCLUB, YOU HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO KEEP YOUR EYES OFF ME!!
YEAH. RIGHT.
IN COOL SILENCE, THE THREE PASSENGERS FALL INTO FITFUL, EXHAUSTED SLEEP.
WHILE OUTSIDE, MILES OF MOUNTAINOUS TERRAIN ROLL BY IN A COURSE HEADING ROUGHLY SOUTH BY SOUTHWEST...
UNTIL...
INT'RESTIN'... YAWN CO-PILOT'S GOT PARACHUTE... MUS' BE HIS STOP.
HMMM PILOT, TOO. GUESS THEY'RE BOTH...
WAITAMINIT!!
WHO'S FLYING THE PLANE?!!

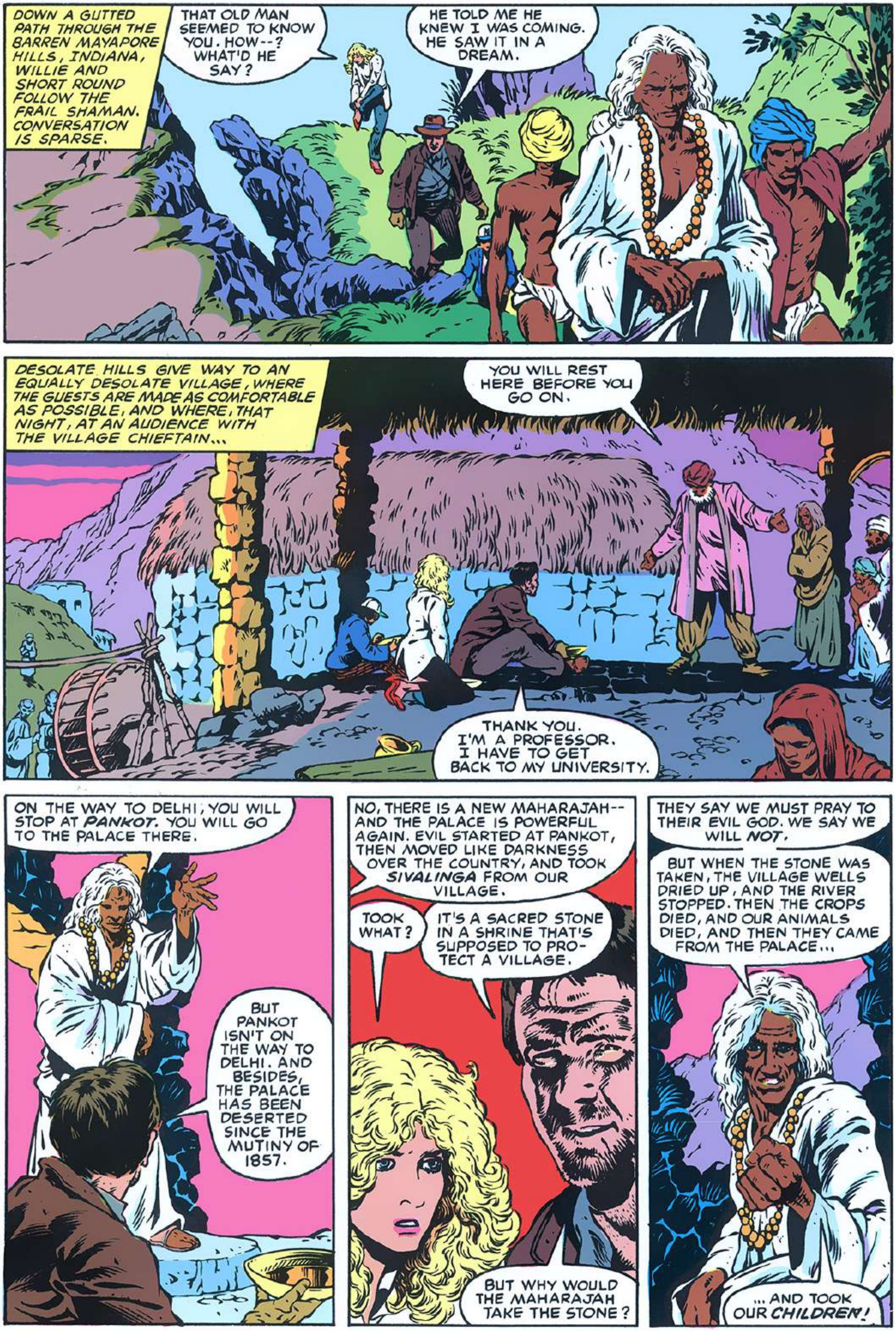

OMIGOD! HEY, INDIANA! W-WAKE UP! TH-THE PILOT'S GETTING OFF THE PLANE!
HUH? WE THERE ALREADY?
NOBODY DRIVING -- JUMPING -- PARACHUTES -- TOO YOUNG TO DIE -- DO SOMETHING!!
MOMENTS LATER...
DON'T WORRY SWEET-HEART, I GOT EVERY-THING UNDER CONTROL!
ALTIMETER -- CHECK! STABILIZER -- ROGER! AIR SPEED -- OKAY! FUEL --
FUEL? FUEL? WHAT ABOUT THE FUEL?!!
WE'VE GOT A PROBLEM!
FUEL
U.S. GAL.
350 250 150 50
PORT
ST'BRD
ON
LIGHT
OFF
SHORTY --!
I ALREADY CHECK, INDY!
NO MORE PARA-CHUTES!

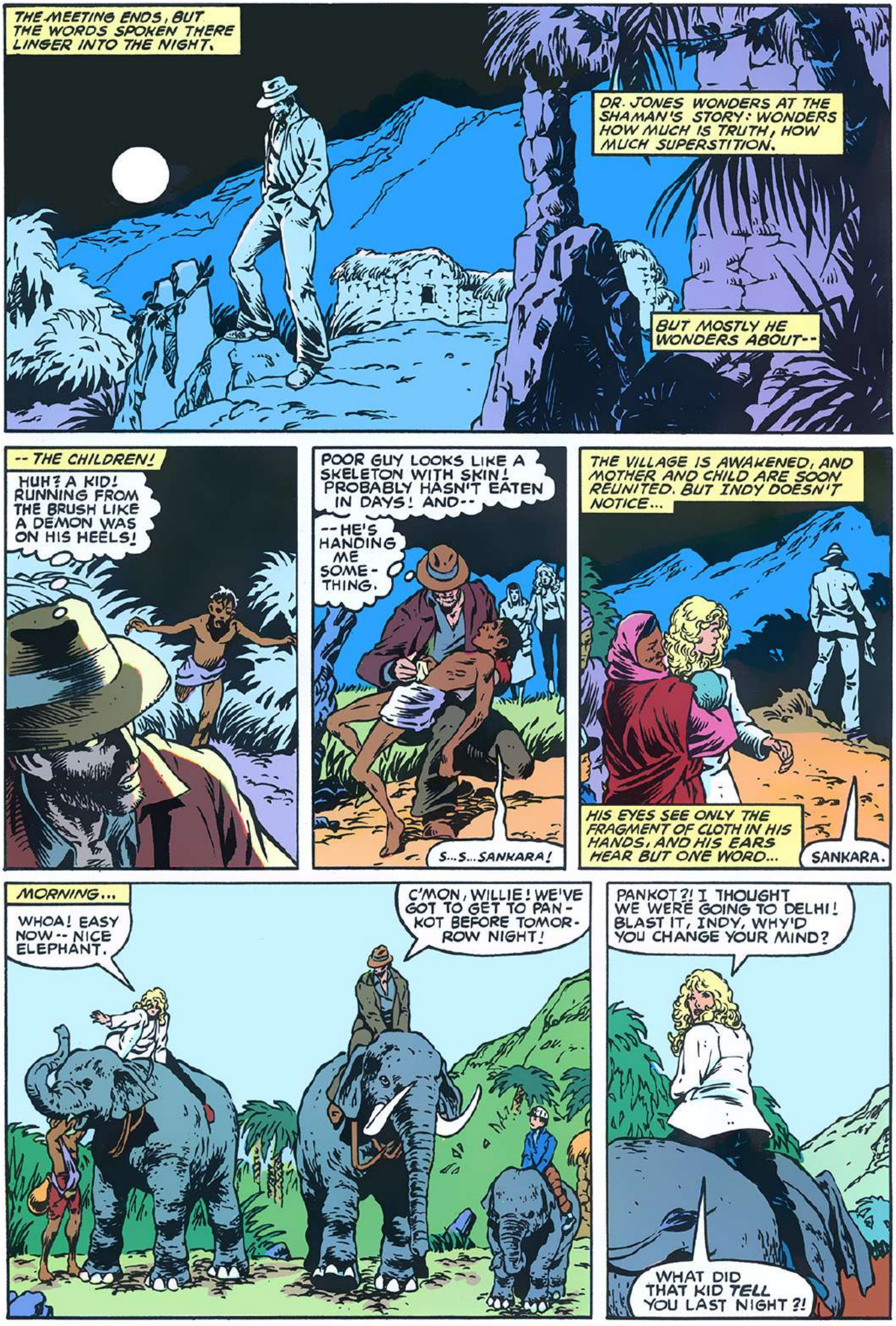

IN-DYYYYY!!
PAK!ISH
GIVE ME A HAND, SHORTY.
ARE YOU CRAZY? THAT'S A LIFE RAFT!
WE'RE NOT SINKING, WE'RE CRASHING!
SHORT ROUND, COME ON! GRAB ONTO ME, TIGHT!
W-W-WAIT FOR ME!
AS THE PLANE SLOWS TO STALL SPEED...
PHLUP!
-- THE RAFT, ACTING AS AN IMPROMPTU DRAG CHUTE, FALLS A SHORT DISTANCE TO A SNOW BANK...

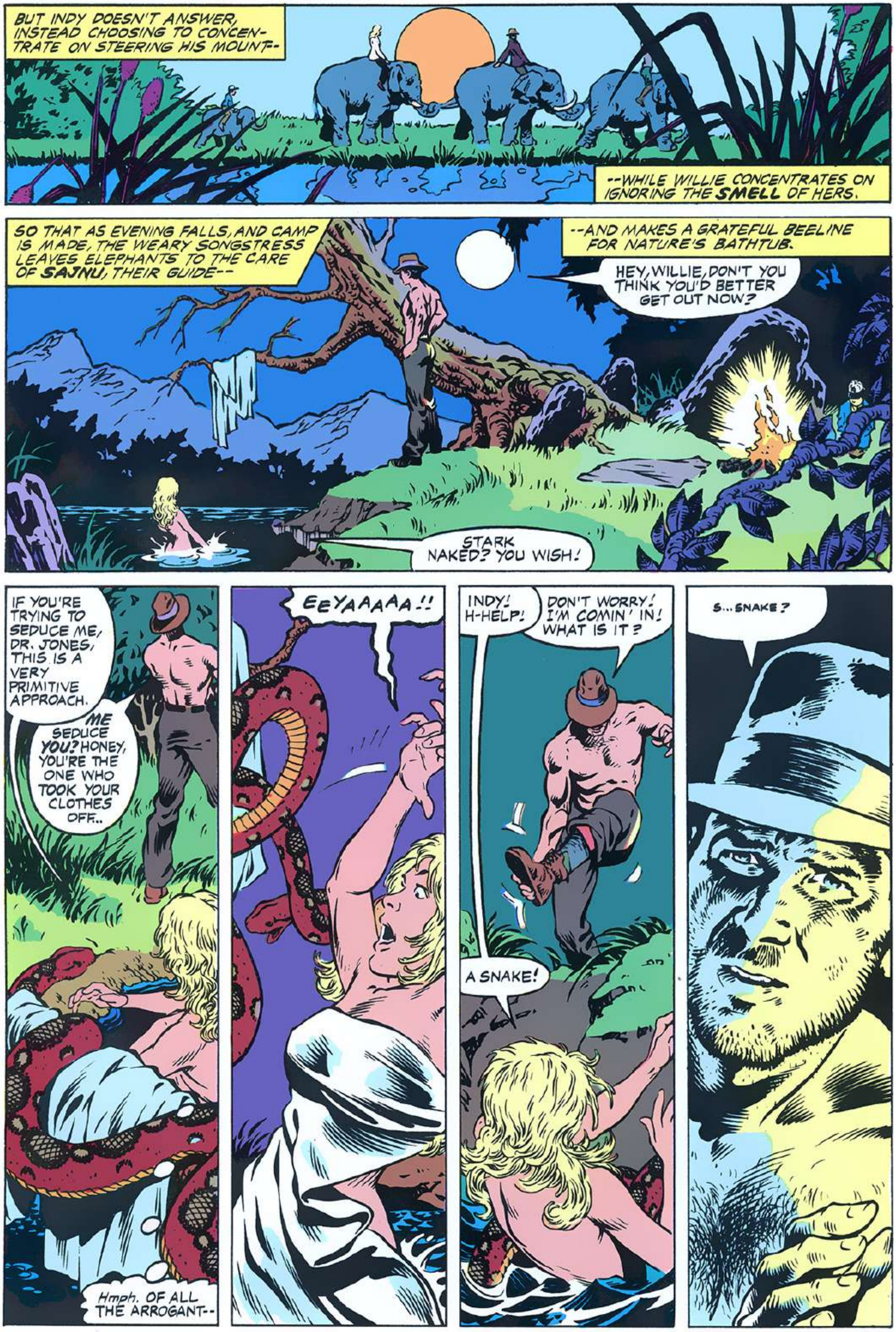

AND THEN...
KARABOOM
WHRASHH
LOOK OUT! THAT TREE--!!
GOTTA YANK THE PERIMETER ROPE--HARD!
SHHHHROOF
SKIPSH
KIPSH
KIPSH



:WHEW: SOMETIMES I AMAZE EVEN MYSELF!
I'LL BET!
INDY--!
A BLUFF! AND NO WAY TO STEER AROUND IT! WE'RE GOING--
--OVER!
SPALOOSH!
INDY?
I'M OKAY, SHORTY, YOU ALL RIGHT, WILLIE?
NO... I'M NOT CUT OUT FOR THE KIND OF LIFE YOU LEAD! WHERE ARE WE, ANYWAY?
INDIA.
INDIA?! HOW DO YOU KNOW WE'RE IN--
...Oh.

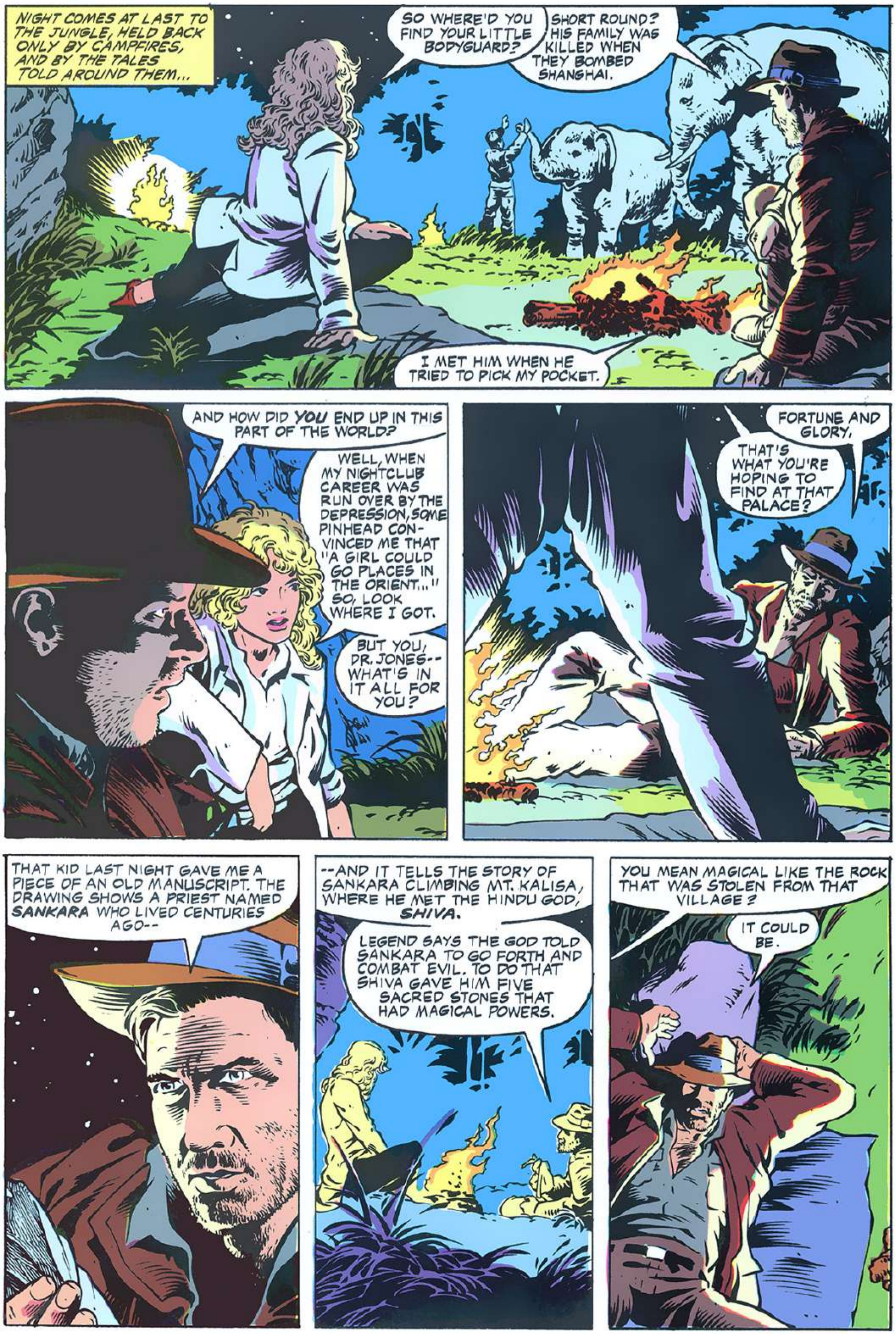

DOWN A GUTTED PATH THROUGH THE BARREN MAYAPORE HILLS, INDIANA, WILLIE AND SHORT ROUND FOLLOW THE FRAIL SHAMAN. CONVERSATION IS SPARSE.
THAT OLD MAN SEEMED TO KNOW YOU. HOW--? WHAT'D HE SAY?
HE TOLD ME HE KNEW I WAS COMING. HE SAW IT IN A DREAM.
DESOLATE HILLS GIVE WAY TO AN EQUALLY DESOLATE VILLAGE, WHERE THE GUESTS ARE MADE AS COMFORTABLE AS POSSIBLE, AND WHERE, THAT NIGHT, AT AN AUDIENCE WITH THE VILLAGE CHIEFTAIN...
YOU WILL REST HERE BEFORE YOU GO ON.
THANK YOU. I'M A PROFESSOR. I HAVE TO GET BACK TO MY UNIVERSITY.
ON THE WAY TO DELHI, YOU WILL STOP AT PANKOT. YOU WILL GO TO THE PALACE THERE.
BUT PANKOT ISN'T ON THE WAY TO DELHI. AND BESIDES, THE PALACE HAS BEEN DESERTED SINCE THE MUTINY OF 1857.
NO, THERE IS A NEW MAHARAJAH-- AND THE PALACE IS POWERFUL AGAIN. EVIL STARTED AT PANKOT, THEN MOVED LIKE DARKNESS OVER THE COUNTRY, AND TOOK SIVALINGA FROM OUR VILLAGE.
TOOK WHAT?
IT'S A SACRED STONE IN A SHRINE THAT'S SUPPOSED TO PROTECT A VILLAGE.
BUT WHY WOULD THE MAHARAJAH TAKE THE STONE?
THEY SAY WE MUST PRAY TO THEIR EVIL GOD. WE SAY WE WILL NOT.
BUT WHEN THE STONE WAS TAKEN, THE VILLAGE WELLS DRIED UP, AND THE RIVER STOPPED. THEN THE CROPS DIED, AND OUR ANIMALS DIED, AND THEN THEY CAME FROM THE PALACE...
... AND TOOK OUR CHILDREN!

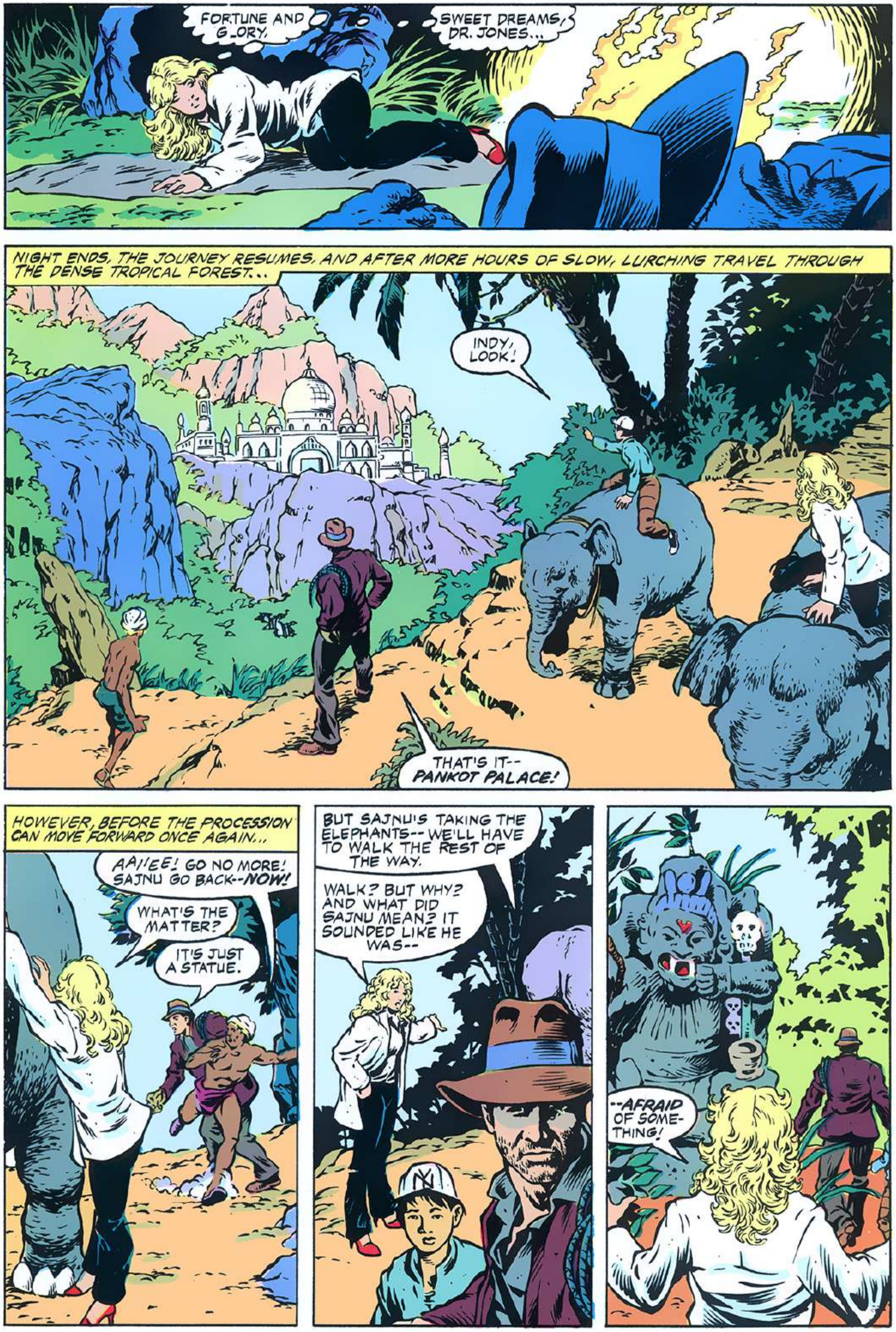

THE MEETING ENDS, BUT THE WORDS SPOKEN THERE LINGER INTO THE NIGHT.
DR. JONES WONDERS AT THE SHAMAN'S STORY: WONDERS HOW MUCH IS TRUTH, HOW MUCH SUPERSTITION.
BUT MOSTLY HE WONDERS ABOUT--
-- THE CHILDREN!
HUH? A KID! RUNNING FROM THE BRUSH LIKE A DEMON WAS ON HIS HEELS!
POOR GUY LOOKS LIKE A SKELETON WITH SKIN! PROBABLY HASN'T EATEN IN DAYS! AND--
--HE'S HANDING ME SOME-THING.
S...S...SANKARA!
THE VILLAGE IS AWAKENED, AND MOTHER AND CHILD ARE SOON REUNITED. BUT INDY DOESN'T NOTICE...
HIS EYES SEE ONLY THE FRAGMENT OF CLOTH IN HIS HANDS, AND HIS EARS HEAR BUT ONE WORD...
SANKARA.
MORNING...
WHOA! EASY NOW-- NICE ELEPHANT.
C'MON, WILLIE! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO PAN-KOT BEFORE TOMOR-ROW NIGHT!
PANKOT?! I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO DELHI! BLAST IT, INDY, WHY'D YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND?
WHAT DID THAT KID TELL YOU LAST NIGHT?!

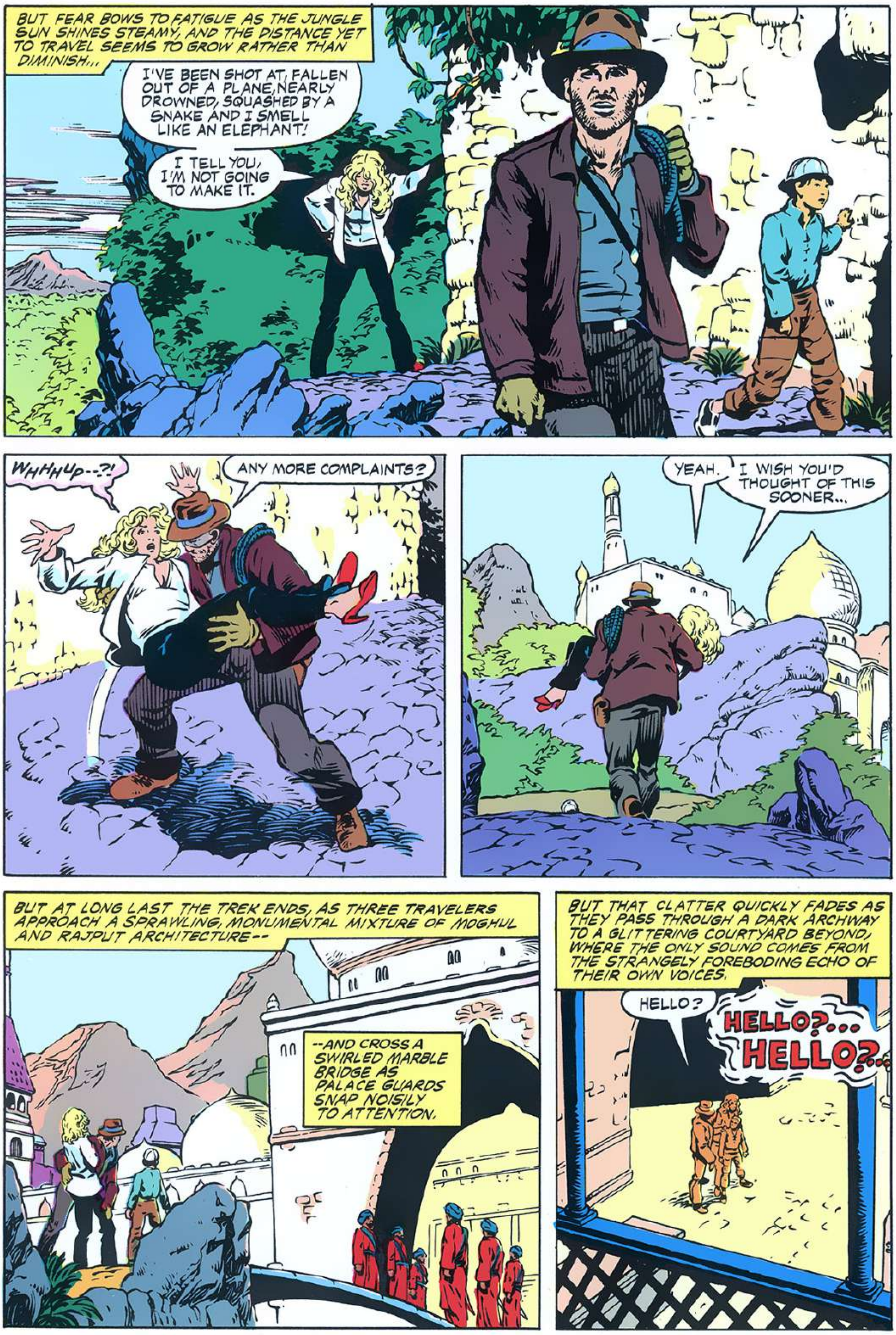

BUT INDY DOESN'T ANSWER, INSTEAD CHOOSING TO CONCENTRATE ON STEERING HIS MOUNT--
--WHILE WILLIE CONCENTRATES ON IGNORING THE SMELL OF HERS.
SO THAT AS EVENING FALLS, AND CAMP IS MADE, THE WEARY SONGSTRESS LEAVES ELEPHANTS TO THE CARE OF SAJNU, THEIR GUIDE--
--AND MAKES A GRATEFUL BEELINE FOR NATURE'S BATHTUB.
HEY, WILLIE, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BETTER GET OUT NOW?
STARK NAKED? YOU WISH!
IF YOU'RE TRYING TO SEDUCE ME, DR. JONES, THIS IS A VERY PRIMITIVE APPROACH.
ME SEDUCE YOU? HONEY, YOU'RE THE ONE WHO TOOK YOUR CLOTHES OFF..
Hmph. OF ALL THE ARROGANT--
EEYAAAAA!!
INDY! H-HELP!
DON'T WORRY! I'M COMIN' IN! WHAT IS IT?
A SNAKE!
S...SNAKE?

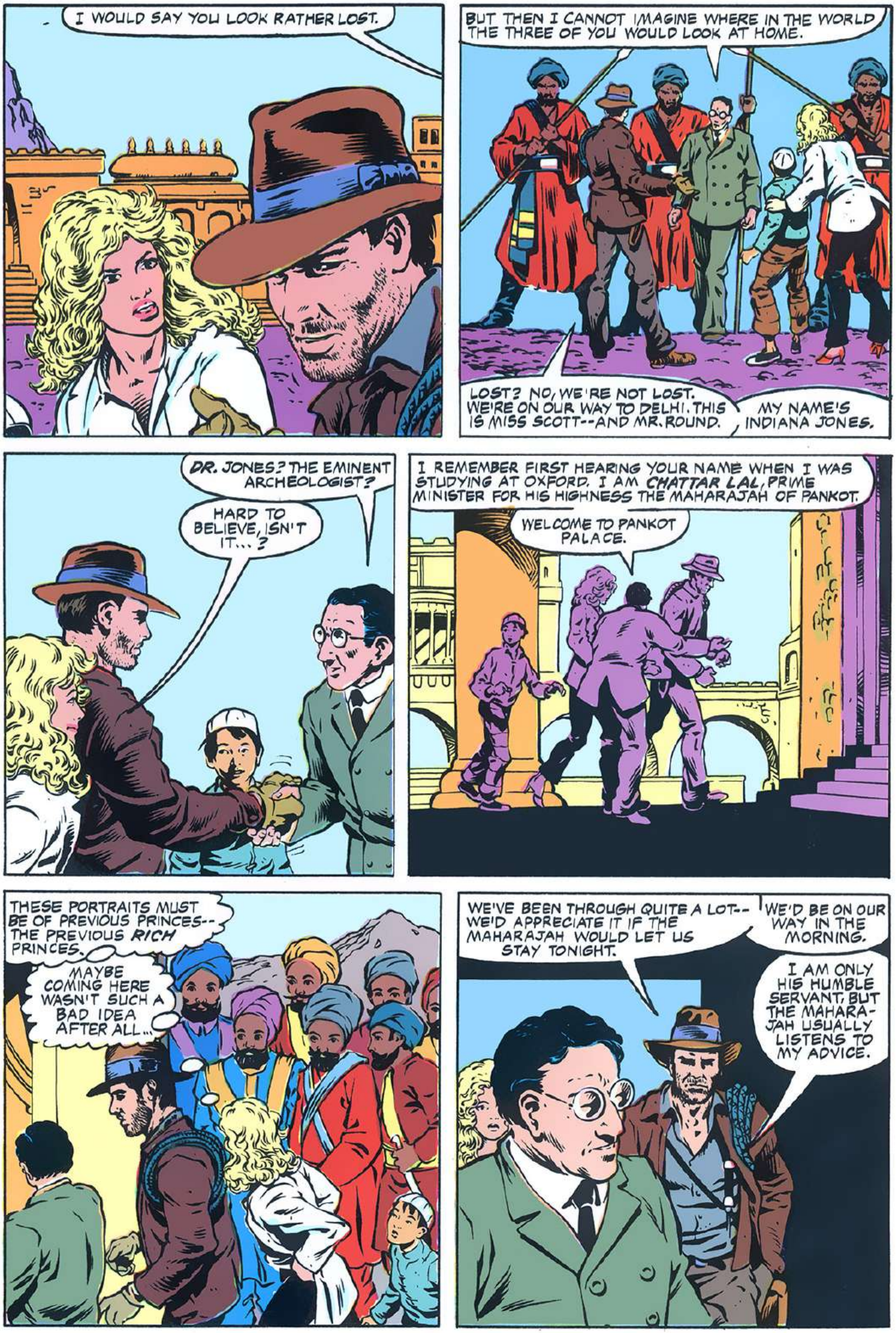


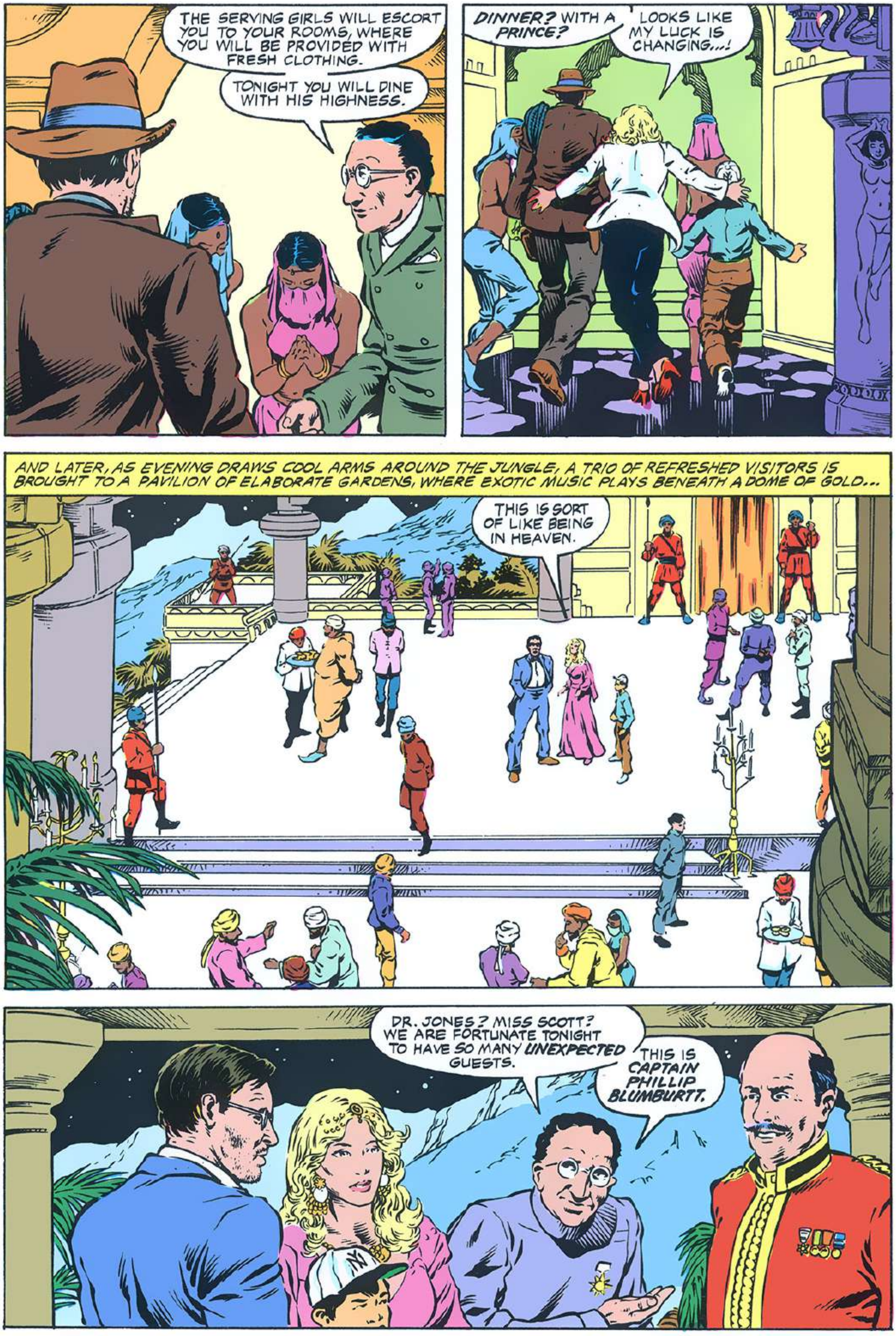
HURRY! WH-WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
UH, LISTEN-- WILLIE--I GOT A BETTER IDEA.
FIRST OF ALL-- DON'T PANIC.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, DON'T PANIC! IT'S PULLING ME DEEPER!
WILLIE, I WANT YOU TO LIFT YOUR HAND-- AND PET THE SNAKE!
PET IT??!!
STROKE IT RIGHT ALONG THE TEMPORAL AND MUCHAL REGIONS. PET IT ON THE HEAD!
OH, MY GOD! I-IT'S GOING TO CRUSH ME!
IT'S... STARTING TO... LET GO! I--I THINK IT'S--
--GOING TO SLEEP!
SEE?-Heh- I GOT YOU OUT.
THANKS FOR NOTHIN'!
THRAK
I HATE SNAKES!
I KNOW THE FEELING...


NIGHT COMES AT LAST TO THE JUNGLE, HELD BACK ONLY BY CAMPFIRES, AND BY THE TALES TOLD AROUND THEM...
SO WHERE'D YOU FIND YOUR LITTLE BODYGUARD?
SHORT ROUND? HIS FAMILY WAS KILLED WHEN THEY BOMBED SHANGHAI.
I MET HIM WHEN HE TRIED TO PICK MY POCKET.
AND HOW DID YOU END UP IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD?
WELL, WHEN MY NIGHTCLUB CAREER WAS RUN OVER BY THE DEPRESSION, SOME PINHEAD CONVINCED ME THAT "A GIRL COULD GO PLACES IN THE ORIENT..." SO, LOOK WHERE I GOT.
BUT YOU, DR. JONES--WHAT'S IN IT ALL FOR YOU?
FORTUNE AND GLORY.
THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE HOPING TO FIND AT THAT PALACE?
THAT KID LAST NIGHT GAVE ME A PIECE OF AN OLD MANUSCRIPT. THE DRAWING SHOWS A PRIEST NAMED SANKARA WHO LIVED CENTURIES AGO--
--AND IT TELLS THE STORY OF SANKARA CLIMBING MT. KALISA, WHERE HE MET THE HINDU GOD, SHIVA.
LEGEND SAYS THE GOD TOLD SANKARA TO GO FORTH AND COMBAT EVIL. TO DO THAT SHIVA GAVE HIM FIVE SACRED STONES THAT HAD MAGICAL POWERS.
YOU MEAN MAGICAL LIKE THE ROCK THAT WAS STOLEN FROM THAT VILLAGE?
IT COULD BE.

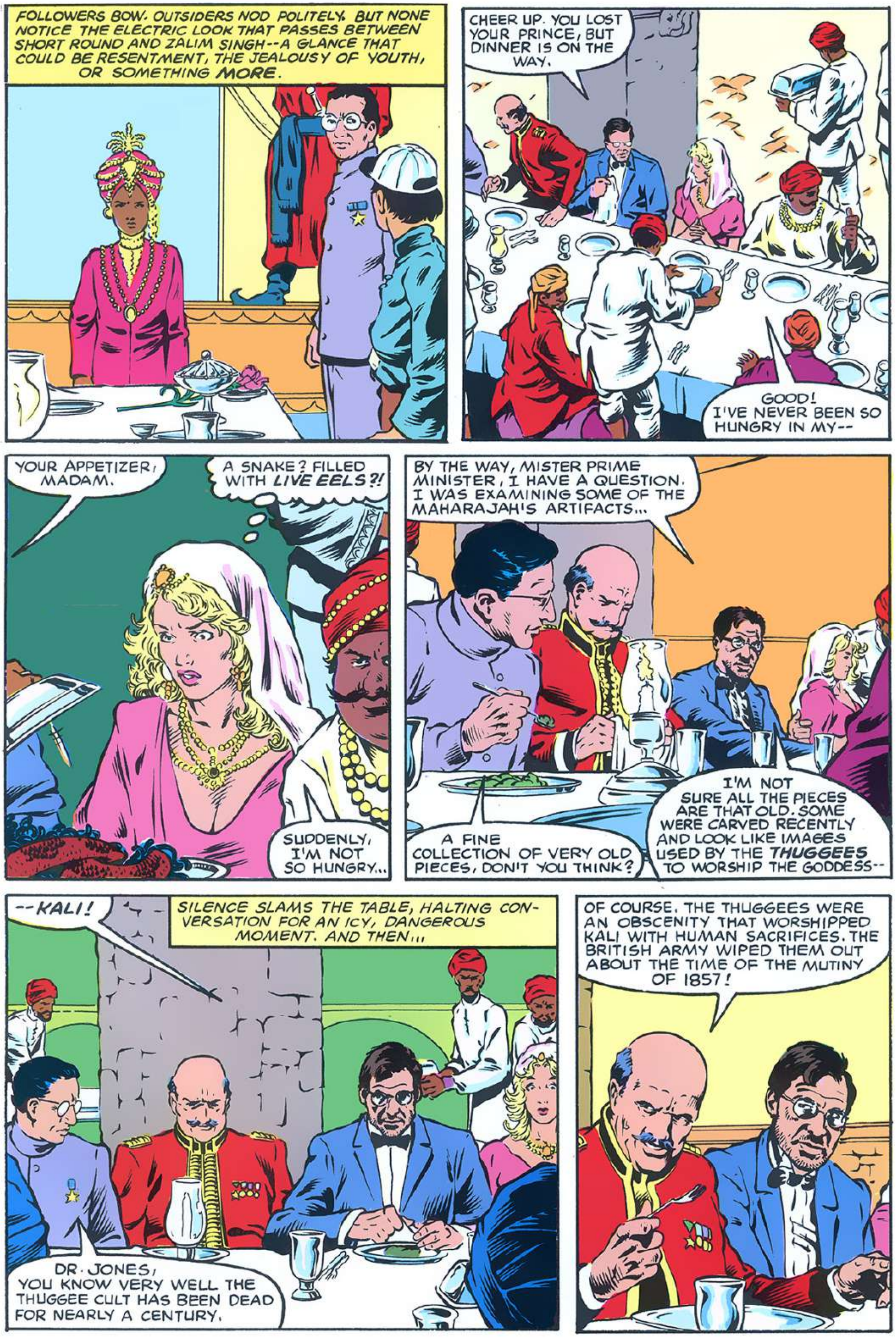

FORTUNE AND GLORY.
SWEET DREAMS, DR. JONES...
NIGHT ENDS, THE JOURNEY RESUMES, AND AFTER MORE HOURS OF SLOW, LURCHING TRAVEL THROUGH THE DENSE TROPICAL FOREST...
INDY, LOOK!
THAT'S IT-- PANKOT PALACE!
HOWEVER, BEFORE THE PROCESSION CAN MOVE FORWARD ONCE AGAIN...
AAIEE! GO NO MORE! SAJNU GO BACK--NOW!
WHAT'S THE MATTER?
IT'S JUST A STATUE.
BUT SAJNU'S TAKING THE ELEPHANTS-- WE'LL HAVE TO WALK THE REST OF THE WAY.
WALK? BUT WHY? AND WHAT DID SAJNU MEAN? IT SOUNDED LIKE HE WAS--
--AFRAID OF SOMETHING!


BUT FEAR BOWS TO FATIGUE AS THE JUNGLE SUN SHINES STEAMY, AND THE DISTANCE YET TO TRAVEL SEEMS TO GROW RATHER THAN DIMINISH...
I'VE BEEN SHOT AT, FALLEN OUT OF A PLANE, NEARLY DROWNED, SQUASHED BY A SNAKE AND I SMELL LIKE AN ELEPHANT!
I TELL YOU, I'M NOT GOING TO MAKE IT.
WHHHUp--?!
ANY MORE COMPLAINTS?
YEAH.
I WISH YOU'D THOUGHT OF THIS SOONER...
BUT AT LONG LAST THE TREK ENDS, AS THREE TRAVELERS APPROACH A SPRAWLING, MONUMENTAL MIXTURE OF MOGHUL AND RAJPUT ARCHITECTURE--
--AND CROSS A SWIRLED MARBLE BRIDGE AS PALACE GUARDS SNAP NOISILY TO ATTENTION.
BUT THAT CLATTER QUICKLY FADES AS THEY PASS THROUGH A DARK ARCHWAY TO A GLITTERING COURTYARD BEYOND, WHERE THE ONLY SOUND COMES FROM THE STRANGELY FOREBODING ECHO OF THEIR OWN VOICES.
HELLO?
HELLO?... HELLO?...

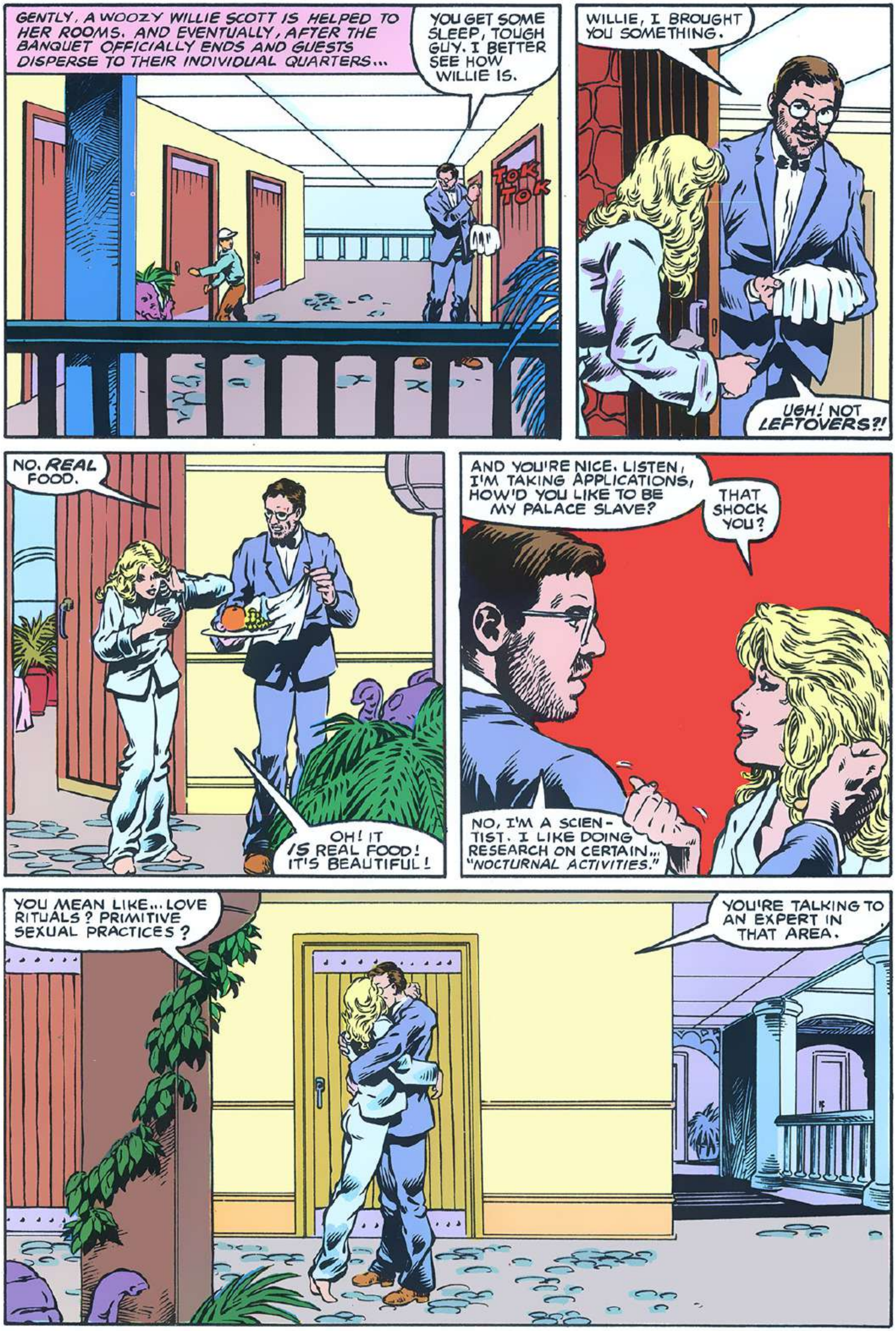

I WOULD SAY YOU LOOK RATHER LOST.
BUT THEN I CANNOT IMAGINE WHERE IN THE WORLD THE THREE OF YOU WOULD LOOK AT HOME.
LOST? NO, WE'RE NOT LOST. WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO DELHI. THIS IS MISS SCOTT--AND MR. ROUND.
MY NAME'S INDIANA JONES.
DR. JONES? THE EMINENT ARCHEOLOGIST?
HARD TO BELIEVE, ISN'T IT...?
I REMEMBER FIRST HEARING YOUR NAME WHEN I WAS STUDYING AT OXFORD. I AM CHATTAR LAL, PRIME MINISTER FOR HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJAH OF PANKOT.
WELCOME TO PANKOT PALACE.
THESE PORTRAITS MUST BE OF PREVIOUS PRINCES--THE PREVIOUS RICH PRINCES.
MAYBE COMING HERE WASN'T SUCH A BAD IDEA AFTER ALL...
WE'VE BEEN THROUGH QUITE A LOT--WE'D APPRECIATE IT IF THE MAHARAJAH WOULD LET US STAY TONIGHT.
WE'D BE ON OUR WAY IN THE MORNING.
I AM ONLY HIS HUMBLE SERVANT, BUT THE MAHARAJAH USUALLY LISTENS TO MY ADVICE.

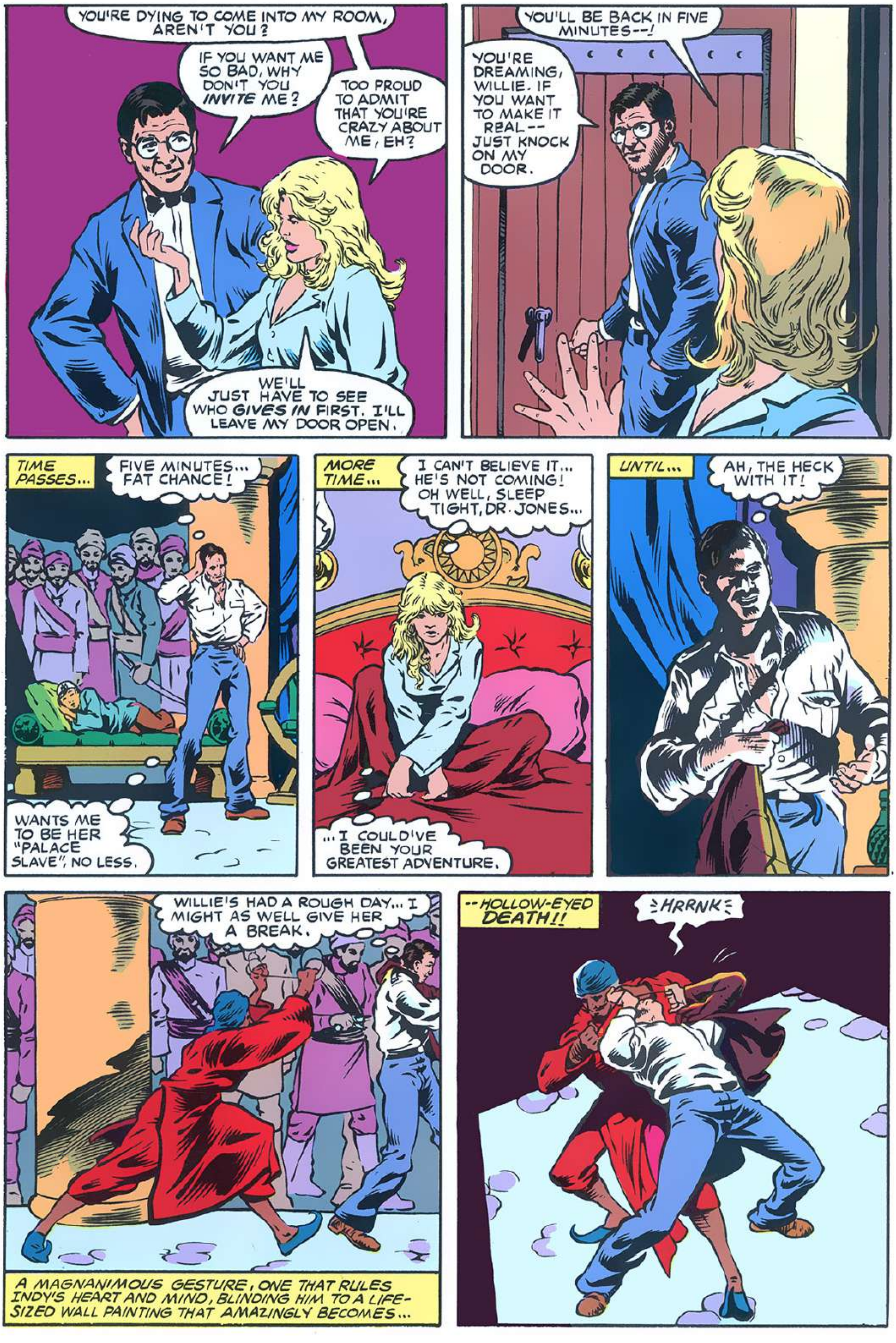

THE SERVING GIRLS WILL ESCORT YOU TO YOUR ROOMS, WHERE YOU WILL BE PROVIDED WITH FRESH CLOTHING.
TONIGHT YOU WILL DINE WITH HIS HIGHNESS.
DINNER? WITH A PRINCE?
LOOKS LIKE MY LUCK IS CHANGING...!
AND LATER, AS EVENING DRAWS COOL ARMS AROUND THE JUNGLE, A TRIO OF REFRESHED VISITORS IS BROUGHT TO A PAVILION OF ELABORATE GARDENS, WHERE EXOTIC MUSIC PLAYS BENEATH A DOME OF GOLD...
THIS IS SORT OF LIKE BEING IN HEAVEN.
DR. JONES? MISS SCOTT? WE ARE FORTUNATE TONIGHT TO HAVE SO MANY UNEXPECTED GUESTS.
THIS IS CAPTAIN PHILLIP BLUMBURTT.


I SAW YOUR TROOPS COME IN AT SUNSET.
JUST A ROUTINE INSPECTION TOUR.
THE BRITISH WORRY SO ABOUT THEIR EMPIRE.
LISTEN, MR. LAL, WHAT DO THEY CALL THE MAHARAJAH'S WIFE?
HIS HIGHNESS HAS NOT YET TAKEN A WIFE.
OH, WELL, I GUESS HE JUST HASN'T MET THE RIGHT WOMAN...
CHARMING. WHAT IS IT?
IT'S CALLED A KRTYA. IT'S LIKE THE VOODOO DOLLS OF WEST AFRICA. THE KRTYA REPRESENTS YOUR ENEMY--AND GIVES YOU COMPLETE POWER OVER HIM.
THAT'S A LOT OF MUMBO JUMBO.
YOU THINK YOU BRITISH RULE INDIA, CAPTAIN, BUT YOU DON'T.
THE OLD GODS STILL DO.
BUT THEN A CEREMONIAL DRUM BEGINS TO BEAT, DRAWING THE ASSEMBLED GUESTS TOWARDS A LONG, LOW TABLE SURROUNDED BY COLORFUL PILLOWS, WHERE...
ANNOUNCING: HIS SUPREME HIGHNESS, GUARDIAN OF RAJPUT TRADITION, THE MAHARAJAH OF PANKOT--
--ZALIM SINGH!
THAT'S THE MAHARAJAH? THAT KID?!!
MAYBE HE LIKES OLDER WOMEN.

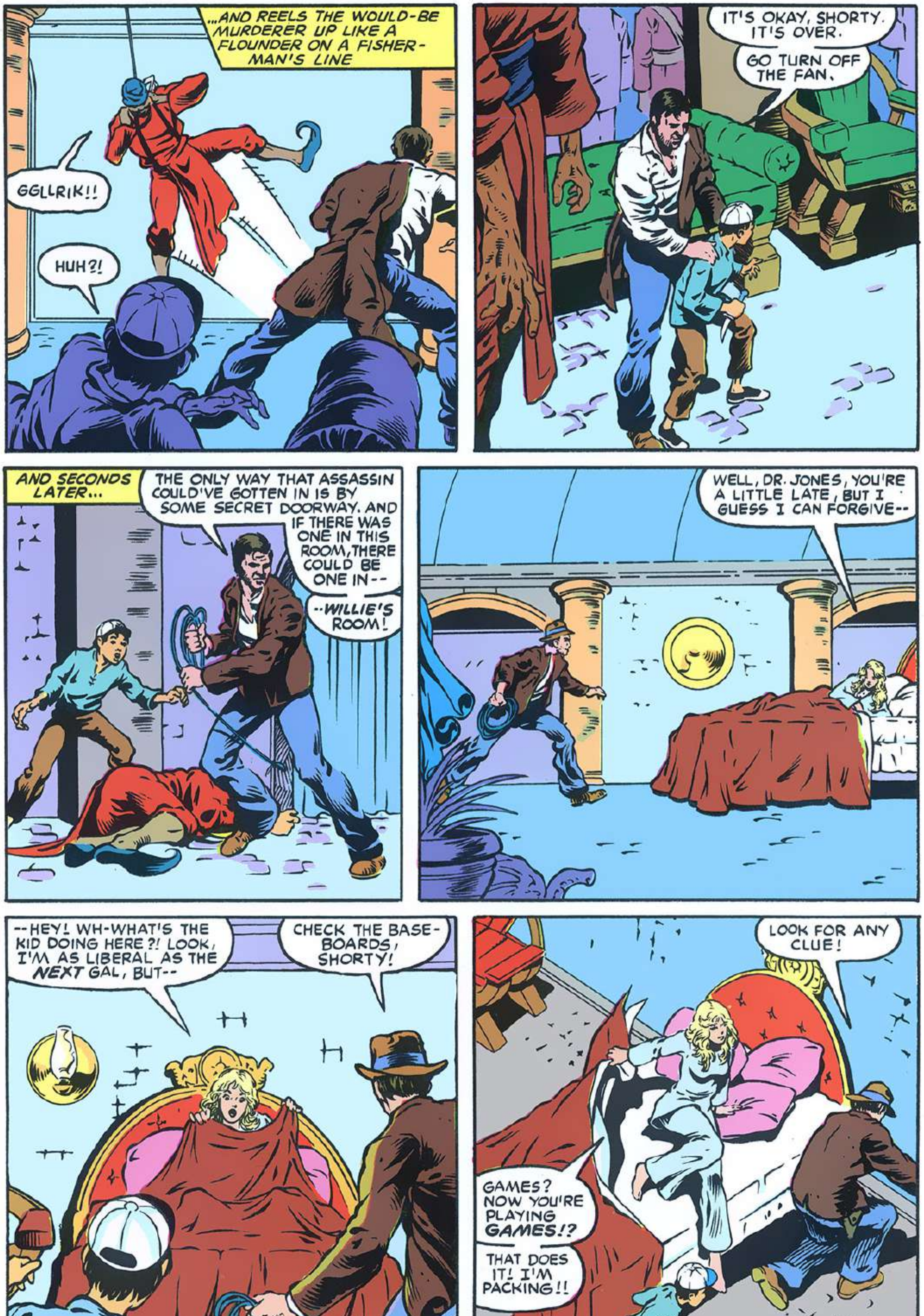

FOLLOWERS BOW. OUTSIDERS NOD POLITELY. BUT NONE NOTICE THE ELECTRIC LOOK THAT PASSES BETWEEN SHORT ROUND AND ZALIM SINGH--A GLANCE THAT COULD BE RESENTMENT, THE JEALOUSY OF YOUTH, OR SOMETHING MORE.
CHEER UP. YOU LOST YOUR PRINCE, BUT DINNER IS ON THE WAY.
GOOD! I'VE NEVER BEEN SO HUNGRY IN MY--
YOUR APPETIZER, MADAM.
A SNAKE? FILLED WITH LIVE EELS?!
SUDDENLY, I'M NOT SO HUNGRY...
BY THE WAY, MISTER PRIME MINISTER, I HAVE A QUESTION. I WAS EXAMINING SOME OF THE MAHARAJAH'S ARTIFACTS...
A FINE COLLECTION OF VERY OLD PIECES, DON'T YOU THINK?
I'M NOT SURE ALL THE PIECES ARE THAT OLD. SOME WERE CARVED RECENTLY AND LOOK LIKE IMAGES USED BY THE THUGGEES TO WORSHIP THE GODDESS--
--KALI!
SILENCE SLAMS THE TABLE, HALTING CONVERSATION FOR AN ICY, DANGEROUS MOMENT. AND THEN...
DR. JONES, YOU KNOW VERY WELL THE THUGGEE CULT HAS BEEN DEAD FOR NEARLY A CENTURY.
OF COURSE. THE THUGGEES WERE AN OBSCENITY THAT WORSHIPPED KALI WITH HUMAN SACRIFICES. THE BRITISH ARMY WIPED THEM OUT ABOUT THE TIME OF THE MUTINY OF 1857!

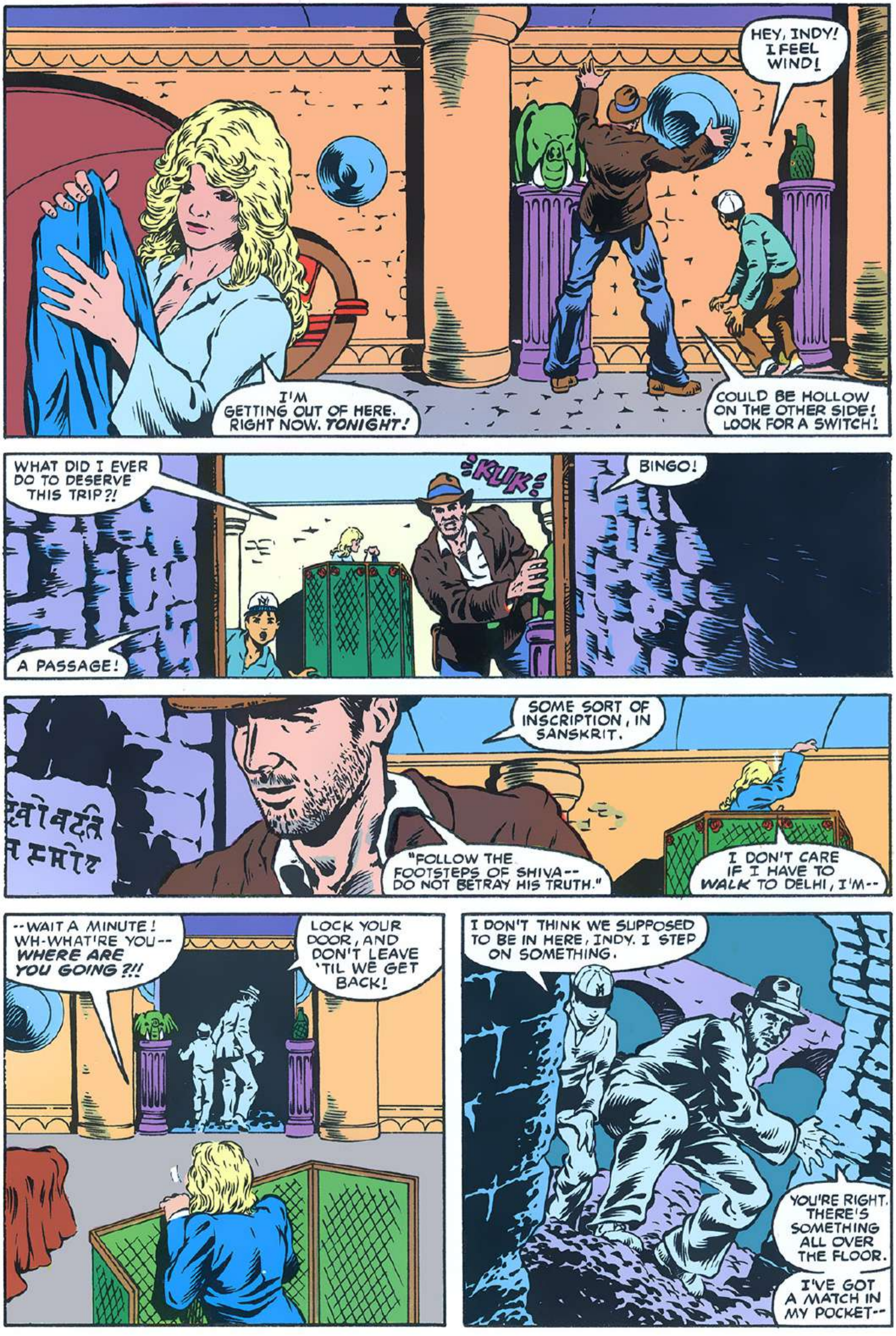

MAYBE. BUT WE CAME HERE FROM A SMALL VILLAGE. THE PEASANTS THERE TOLD US THAT PANKOT PALACE WAS GROWING POWERFUL AGAIN-- BECAUSE OF SOME ANCIENT EVIL.
THEY CLAIMED THAT A SACRED STONE WAS STOLEN-- AND THAT THIS SAME EVIL TOOK THEIR CHILDREN FROM THEM.
THERE WAS ONE OTHER THING-- I COULD SWEAR WE SAW A THUGGEE SHRINE RIGHT BELOW THE PALACE.
I HAVE HEARD THE TERRIBLE STORIES OF THE EVIL THUGGEE CULT--
--AND I AM ASHAMED OF WHAT HAPPENED HERE SO MANY YEARS AGO. WE KEEP THESE OBJECTS TO REMIND US THAT THIS EVIL WILL NEVER HAPPEN IN THIS KINGDOM AGAIN!
I'M... SORRY IF I OFFENDED YOU!
THE TOPIC IS DROPPED. THE TENSION REMAINS.
NOW, MADAM... DESSERT.
AH... CHILLED MONKEY BRAINS! DELICIOUS!
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOO
THUD!

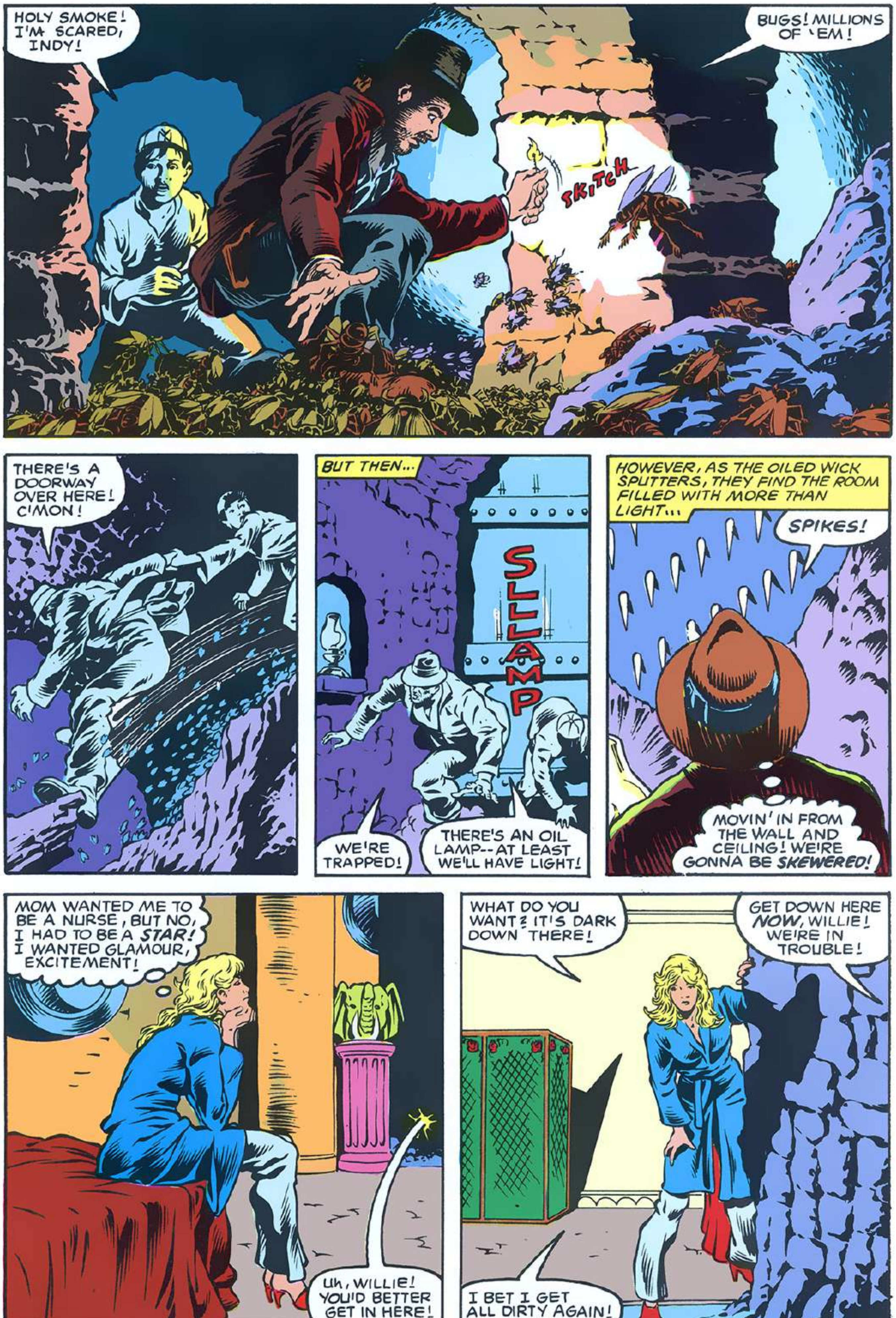

GENTLY, A WOOZY WILLIE SCOTT IS HELPED TO HER ROOMS. AND EVENTUALLY, AFTER THE BANQUET OFFICIALLY ENDS AND GUESTS DISPERSE TO THEIR INDIVIDUAL QUARTERS...
YOU GET SOME SLEEP, TOUGH GUY. I BETTER SEE HOW WILLIE IS.
TOK TOK
WILLIE, I BROUGHT YOU SOMETHING.
UGH! NOT LEFTOVERS?!
NO. REAL FOOD.
OH! IT IS REAL FOOD! IT'S BEAUTIFUL!
AND YOU'RE NICE. LISTEN, I'M TAKING APPLICATIONS, HOW'D YOU LIKE TO BE MY PALACE SLAVE?
THAT SHOCK YOU?
NO, I'M A SCIEN-TIST. I LIKE DOING RESEARCH ON CERTAIN... "NOCTURNAL ACTIVITIES."
YOU MEAN LIKE... LOVE RITUALS? PRIMITIVE SEXUAL PRACTICES?
YOU'RE TALKING TO AN EXPERT IN THAT AREA.

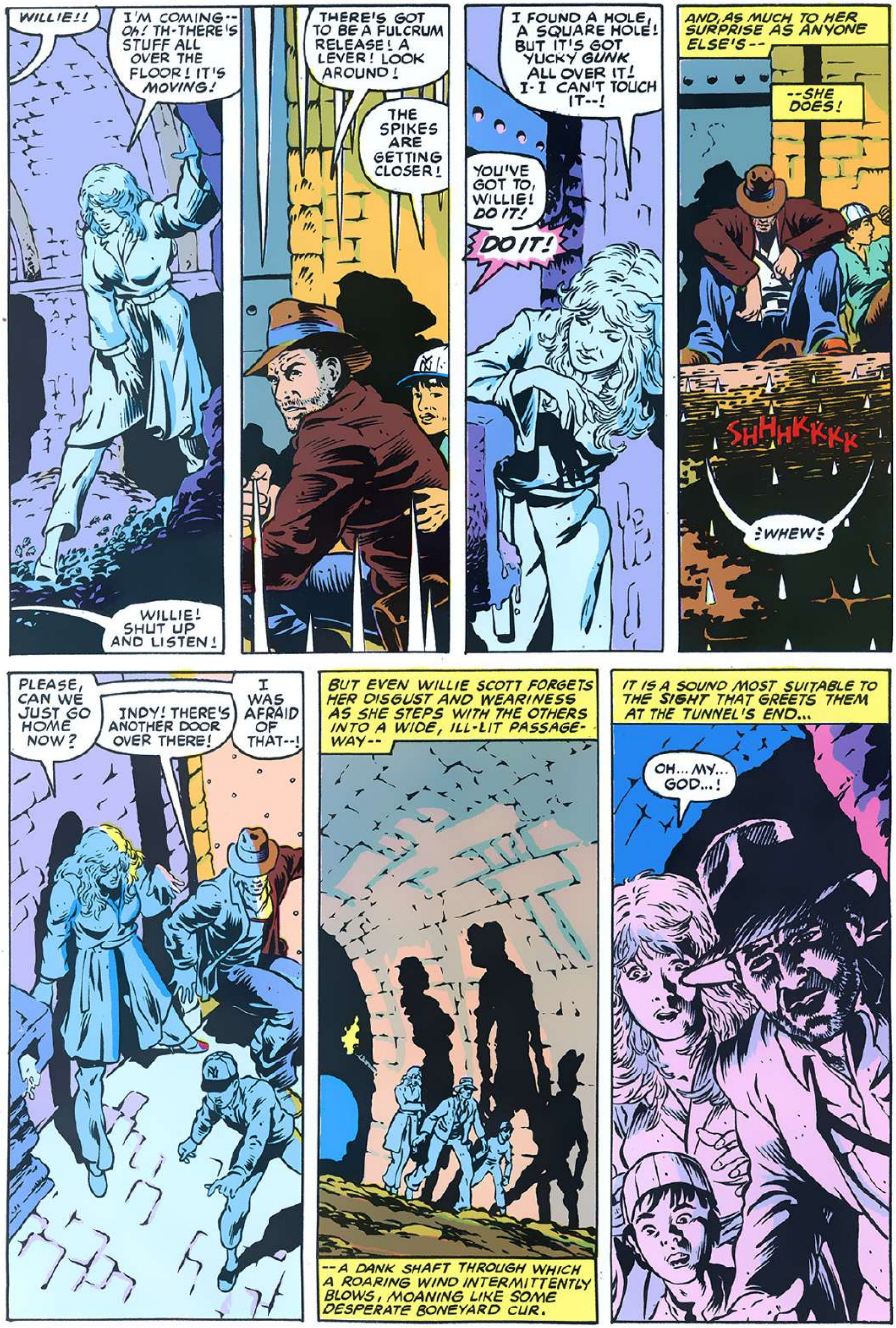

YOU'RE DYING TO COME INTO MY ROOM, AREN'T YOU?
IF YOU WANT ME SO BAD, WHY DON'T YOU INVITE ME?
TOO PROUD TO ADMIT THAT YOU'RE CRAZY ABOUT ME, EH?
WE'LL JUST HAVE TO SEE WHO GIVES IN FIRST. I'LL LEAVE MY DOOR OPEN.
YOU'LL BE BACK IN FIVE MINUTES--!
YOU'RE DREAMING, WILLIE. IF YOU WANT TO MAKE IT REAL-- JUST KNOCK ON MY DOOR.
TIME PASSES...
FIVE MINUTES... FAT CHANCE!
WANTS ME TO BE HER "PALACE SLAVE", NO LESS.
MORE TIME...
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT... HE'S NOT COMING! OH WELL, SLEEP TIGHT, DR. JONES...
...I COULD'VE BEEN YOUR GREATEST ADVENTURE.
UNTIL...
AH, THE HECK WITH IT!
WILLIE'S HAD A ROUGH DAY... I MIGHT AS WELL GIVE HER A BREAK.
A MAGNANIMOUS GESTURE, ONE THAT RULES INDY'S HEART AND MIND, BLINDING HIM TO A LIFE-SIZED WALL PAINTING THAT AMAZINGLY BECOMES...
--HOLLOW-EYED DEATH!!
HRRNK

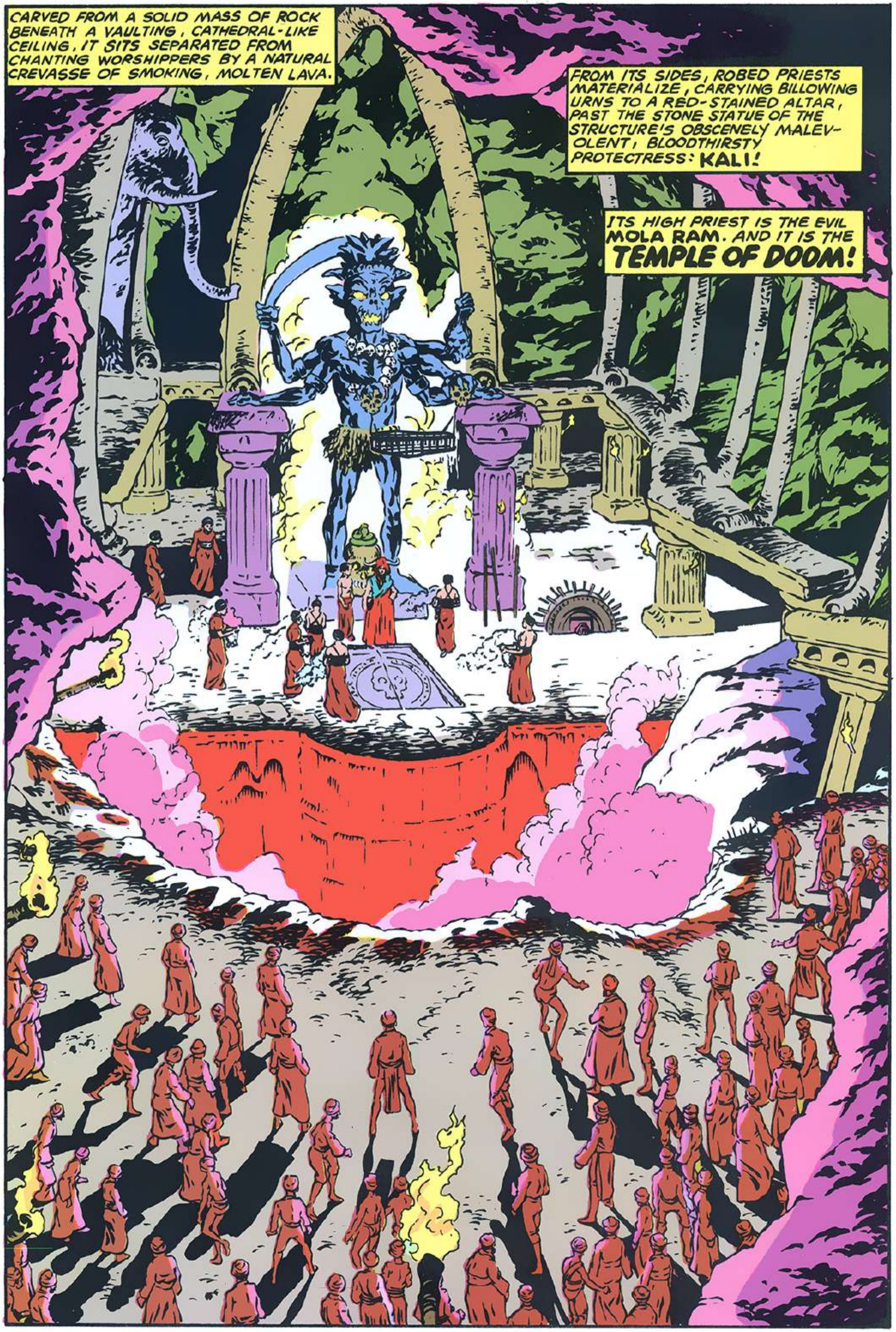

AN ASSASSIN!
AGK
PTASH
DON'T KNOW HOW HE GOT IN, BUT I CAN WORRY ABOUT THAT LATER!
UH-OH! HE'S GETTING NASTY!
SURVIVING GARROTES IS ONE THING, BUT DAGGERS CALL FOR A LITTLE MORE--
THRRAP
--FINESSE!
WHA--? A BACKWARDS SOMERSAULT! DIDN'T EXPECT IT!
PULLIN' THE WHIP RIGHT OUTTA MY HAND!
HOWEVER, THAT SAME ACROBATIC MOTION HAS REPERCUSSIONS EVEN THE FERAL-EYED ASSASSIN DIDN'T EXPECT...
...AS THE BULLWHIP'S HANDLE, FLYING FREE, ARCS UP TO A SLOWLY WHIRLING CEILING FAN... CATCHES... -

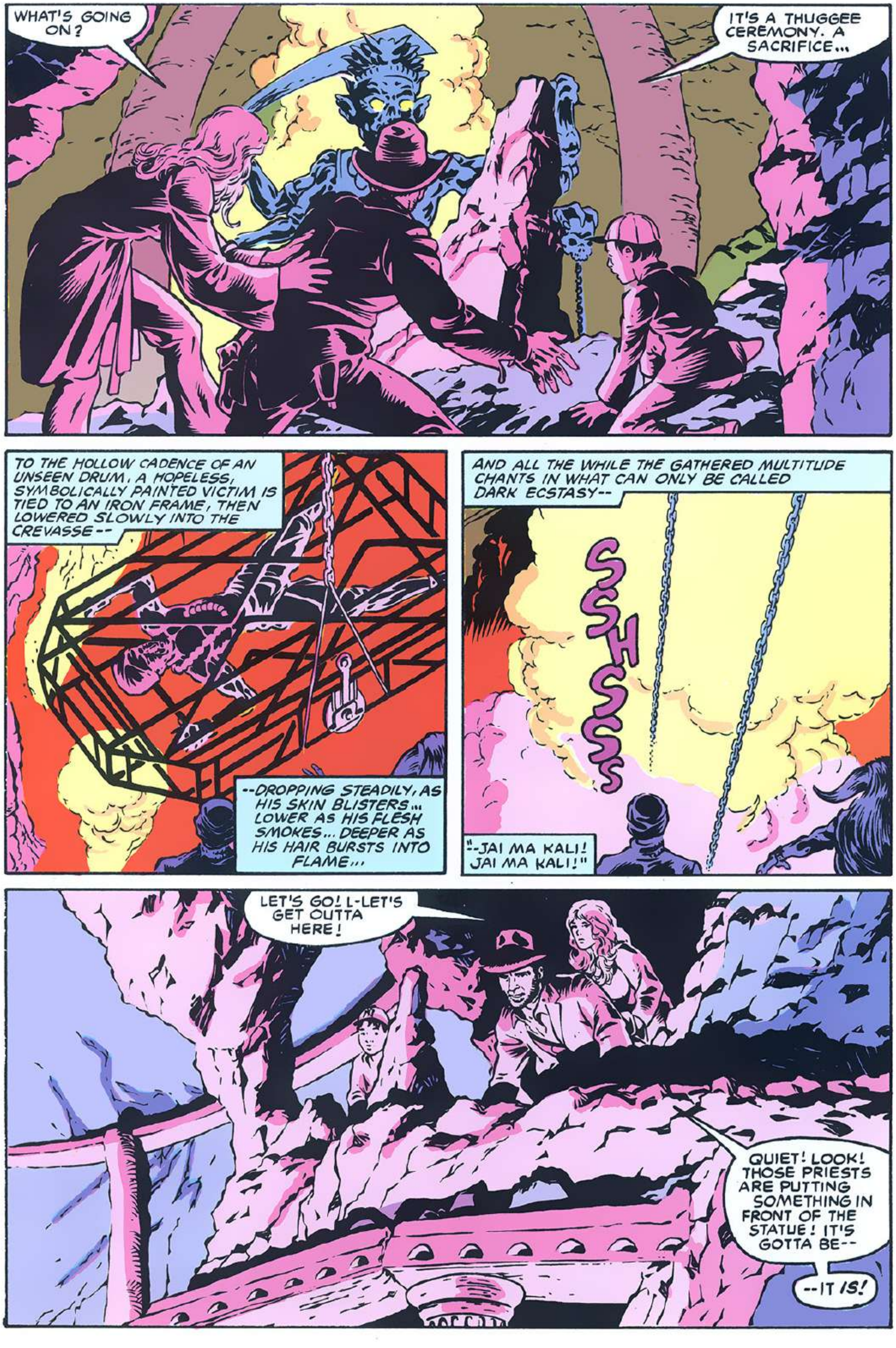

...AND REELS THE WOULD-BE MURDERER UP LIKE A FLOUNDER ON A FISHERMAN'S LINE
GGLLRIK!!
HUH?!
IT'S OKAY, SHORTY. IT'S OVER.
GO TURN OFF THE FAN.
AND SECONDS LATER...
THE ONLY WAY THAT ASSASSIN COULD'VE GOTTEN IN IS BY SOME SECRET DOORWAY. AND IF THERE WAS ONE IN THIS ROOM, THERE COULD BE ONE IN--
--WILLIE'S ROOM!
WELL, DR. JONES, YOU'RE A LITTLE LATE, BUT I GUESS I CAN FORGIVE--
--HEY! WH-WHAT'S THE KID DOING HERE?! LOOK, I'M AS LIBERAL AS THE NEXT GAL, BUT--
CHECK THE BASEBOARDS, SHORTY!
LOOK FOR ANY CLUE!
GAMES? NOW YOU'RE PLAYING GAMES!?
THAT DOES IT! I'M PACKING!!

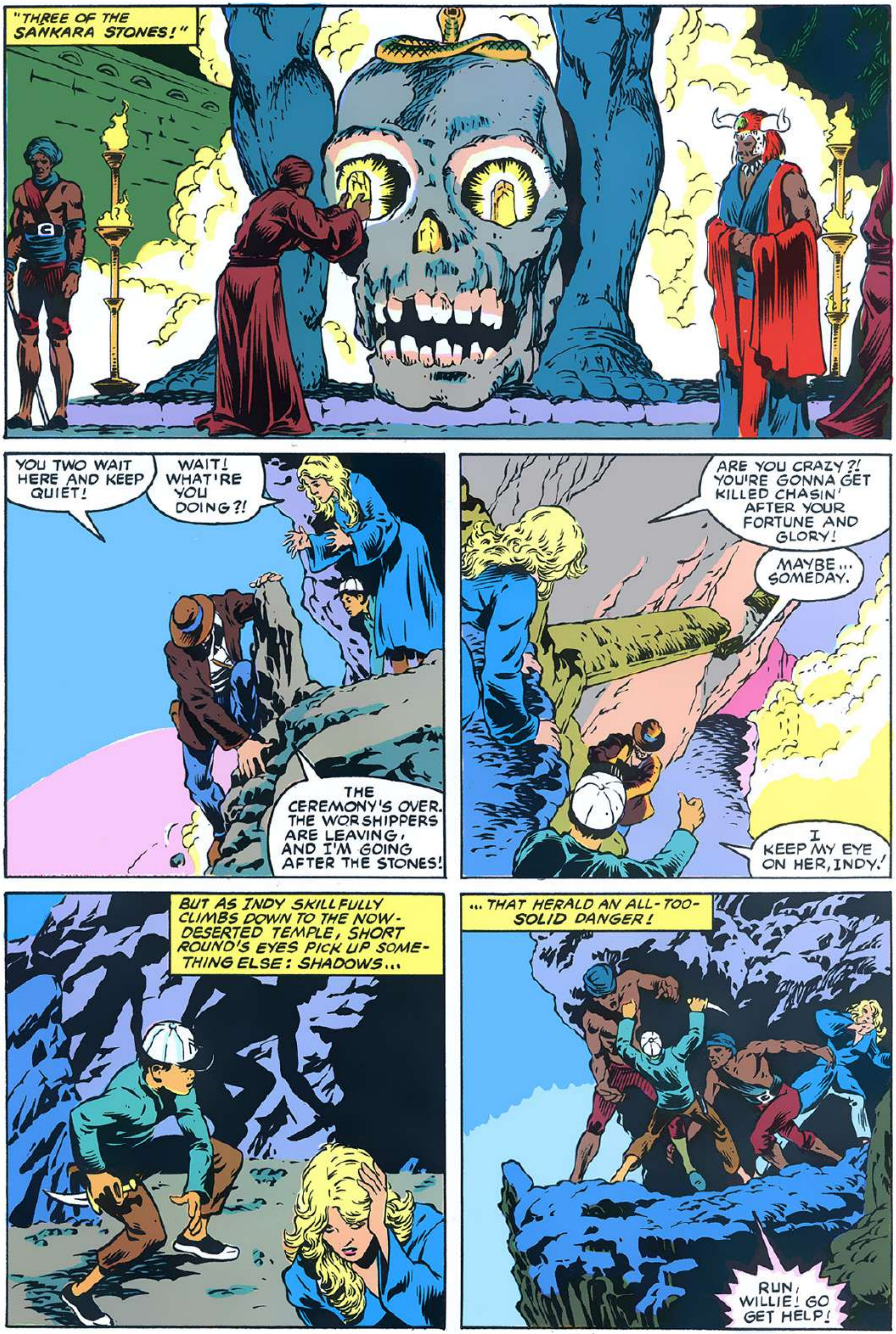

I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE. RIGHT NOW. *TONIGHT!*
HEY, INDY! I FEEL WIND!
COULD BE HOLLOW ON THE OTHER SIDE! LOOK FOR A SWITCH!
WHAT DID I EVER DO TO DESERVE THIS TRIP?!
KLIK
BINGO!
A PASSAGE!
SOME SORT OF INSCRIPTION, IN SANSKRIT.
"FOLLOW THE FOOTSTEPS OF SHIVA-- DO NOT BETRAY HIS TRUTH."
I DON'T CARE IF I HAVE TO *WALK* TO DELHI, I'M--
--WAIT A MINUTE! WH-WHAT'RE YOU-- *WHERE ARE YOU GOING?!!*
LOCK YOUR DOOR, AND DON'T LEAVE 'TIL WE GET BACK!
I DON'T THINK WE SUPPOSED TO BE IN HERE, INDY. I STEP ON SOMETHING.
YOU'RE RIGHT. THERE'S SOMETHING ALL OVER THE FLOOR.
I'VE GOT A MATCH IN MY POCKET--


HOLY SMOKE! I'M SCARED, INDY!
BUGS! MILLIONS OF 'EM!
SKITCH
THERE'S A DOORWAY OVER HERE! C'MON!
BUT THEN...
SLLLAMP
WE'RE TRAPPED!
THERE'S AN OIL LAMP--AT LEAST WE'LL HAVE LIGHT!
HOWEVER, AS THE OILED WICK SPUTTERS, THEY FIND THE ROOM FILLED WITH MORE THAN LIGHT...
SPIKES!
MOVIN' IN FROM THE WALL AND CEILING! WE'RE GONNA BE SKEWERED!
MOM WANTED ME TO BE A NURSE, BUT NO, I HAD TO BE A STAR! I WANTED GLAMOUR, EXCITEMENT!
Uh, WILLIE! YOU'D BETTER GET IN HERE!
WHAT DO YOU WANT? IT'S DARK DOWN THERE!
GET DOWN HERE NOW, WILLIE! WE'RE IN TROUBLE!
I BET I GET ALL DIRTY AGAIN!


WILLIE!!
I'M COMING-- Oh! TH-THERE'S STUFF ALL OVER THE FLOOR! IT'S MOVING!
WILLIE! SHUT UP AND LISTEN!
THERE'S GOT TO BE A FULCRUM RELEASE! A LEVER! LOOK AROUND!
THE SPIKES ARE GETTING CLOSER!
I FOUND A HOLE, A SQUARE HOLE! BUT IT'S GOT YUCKY GUNK ALL OVER IT! I-I CAN'T TOUCH IT--!
YOU'VE GOT TO, WILLIE! DO IT!
DO IT!
AND, AS MUCH TO HER SURPRISE AS ANYONE ELSE'S--
--SHE DOES!
SHHHKKKKK
WHEW
PLEASE, CAN WE JUST GO HOME NOW?
INDY! THERE'S ANOTHER DOOR OVER THERE!
I WAS AFRAID OF THAT--!
BUT EVEN WILLIE SCOTT FORGETS HER DISGUST AND WEARINESS AS SHE STEPS WITH THE OTHERS INTO A WIDE, ILL-LIT PASSAGE-WAY--
--A DANK SHAFT THROUGH WHICH A ROARING WIND INTERMITTENTLY BLOWS, MOANING LIKE SOME DESPERATE BONEYARD CUR.
IT IS A SOUND MOST SUITABLE TO THE SIGHT THAT GREETS THEM AT THE TUNNEL'S END...
OH... MY... GOD...!


CARVED FROM A SOLID MASS OF ROCK BENEATH A VAULTING, CATHEDRAL-LIKE CEILING, IT SITS SEPARATED FROM CHANTING WORSHIPPERS BY A NATURAL CREVASSE OF SMOKING, MOLTEN LAVA.
FROM ITS SIDES, ROBED PRIESTS MATERIALIZE, CARRYING BILLOWING URNS TO A RED-STAINED ALTAR, PAST THE STONE STATUE OF THE STRUCTURE'S OBSCENELY MALEV-OLENT, BLOODTHIRSTY PROTECTRESS: KALI!
ITS HIGH PRIEST IS THE EVIL MOLA RAM. AND IT IS THE TEMPLE OF DOOM!

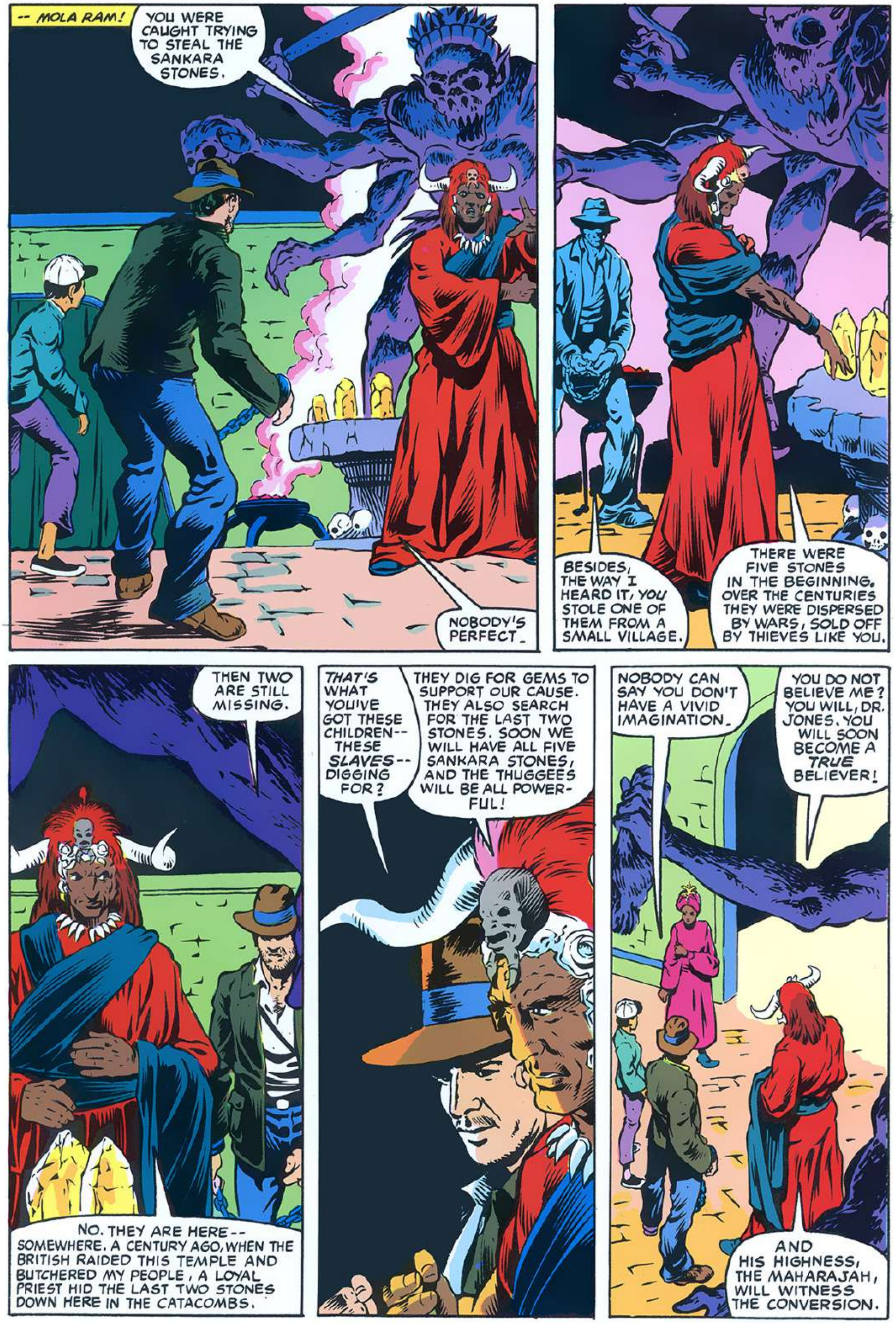

WHAT'S GOING ON?
IT'S A THUGGEE CEREMONY. A SACRIFICE...
TO THE HOLLOW CADENCE OF AN UNSEEN DRUM, A HOPELESS, SYMBOLICALLY PAINTED VICTIM IS TIED TO AN IRON FRAME, THEN LOWERED SLOWLY INTO THE CREVASSE--
--DROPPING STEADILY, AS HIS SKIN BLISTERS... LOWER AS HIS FLESH SMOKES... DEEPER AS HIS HAIR BURSTS INTO FLAME...
AND ALL THE WHILE THE GATHERED MULTITUDE CHANTS IN WHAT CAN ONLY BE CALLED DARK ECSTASY--
SSHSSS
"--JAI MA KALI! JAI MA KALI!"
LET'S GO! L-LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!
QUIET! LOOK! THOSE PRIESTS ARE PUTTING SOMETHING IN FRONT OF THE STATUE! IT'S GOTTA BE--
--IT IS!


"THREE OF THE SANKARA STONES!"
YOU TWO WAIT HERE AND KEEP QUIET!
WAIT! WHAT'RE YOU DOING?!
THE CEREMONY'S OVER. THE WORSHIPPERS ARE LEAVING, AND I'M GOING AFTER THE STONES!
ARE YOU CRAZY?! YOU'RE GONNA GET KILLED CHASIN' AFTER YOUR FORTUNE AND GLORY!
MAYBE... SOMEDAY.
I KEEP MY EYE ON HER, INDY!
BUT AS INDY SKILLFULLY CLIMBS DOWN TO THE NOW-DESERTED TEMPLE, SHORT ROUND'S EYES PICK UP SOMETHING ELSE: SHADOWS...
... THAT HERALD AN ALL-TOO-SOLID DANGER!
RUN, WILLIE! GO GET HELP!


BUT AT THE TEMPLE, INDY'S ATTENTION FOCUSES SOLELY ON THE OBJECTS BEFORE HIM, THREE MESMERIZING FRAGMENTS OF CRYSTALIZED QUARTZ.
THREE PIECES OF A LEGEND.
AS INDY PLACES THE THREE STONES INTO HIS SAMPLE POUCH, HE HEARS SOMETHING-- THE LOW DRONE OF MUFFLED VOICES SOUNDING CLOSELY AT HAND...
CAUTIOUSLY, FOLLOWING TRACES OF MUTED LIGHT, HE MOVES BEHIND THE ALTAR, WHERE VOICES ARE JOINED BY THE CRISP CLINK OF METAL ON ROCK.
ALL COMING FROM AN ENORMOUS HOLE CUT IN THE FLOOR OF THE CHAMBER...
HE EDGES TOWARD THE PRECIPICE, TAKING CARE AS HE GLANCES OVER--
--AND FINDS HIMSELF PEERING INTO A SCENE FROM HELL ITSELF!
A MINE! BEING WORKED BY CHILDREN! THIS MUST BE WHERE THE KIDS FROM THAT VILLAGE WERE TAKEN!

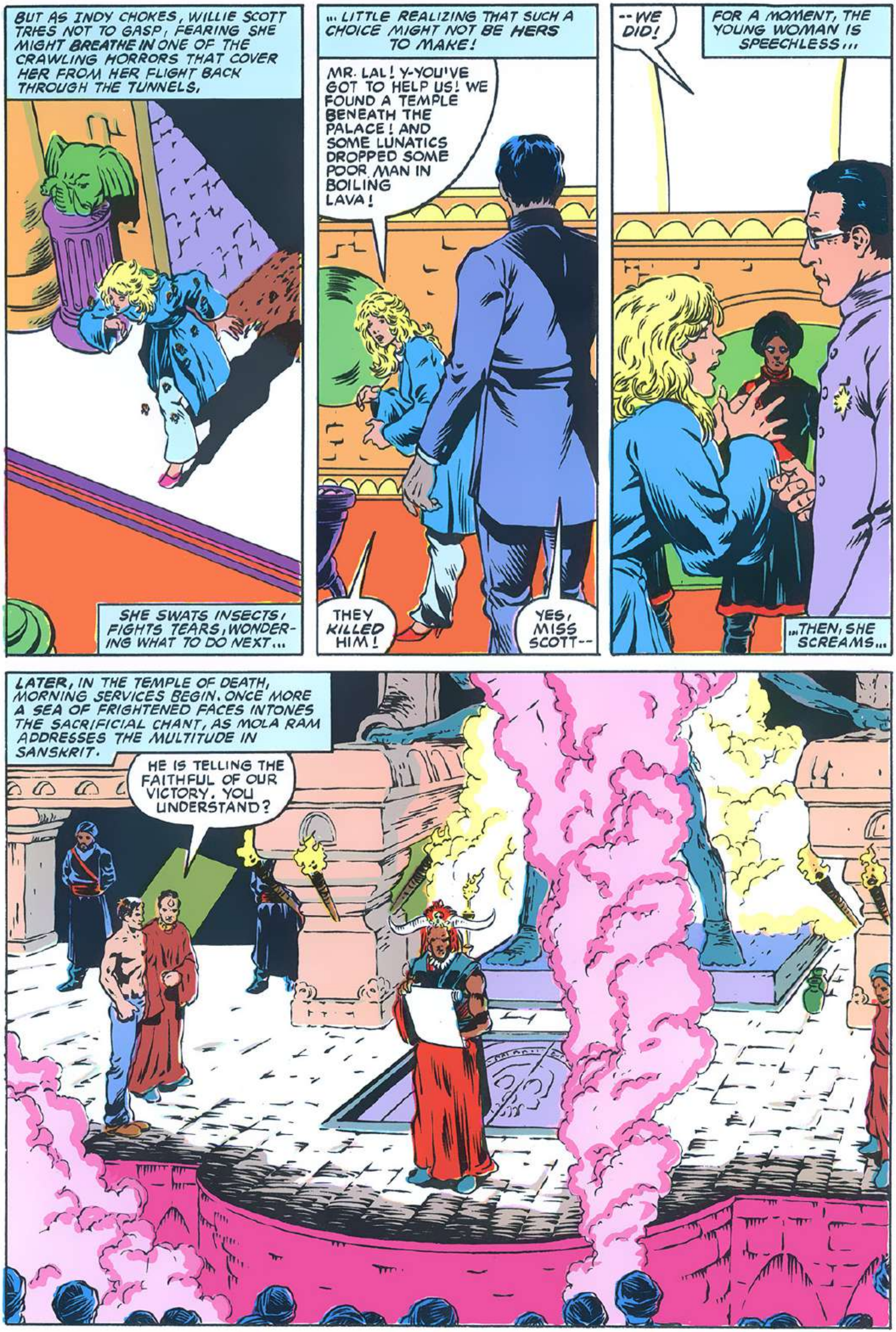

PLEASE! I-I CANNOT CARRY MORE! I AM WEAK--OW!
SILENCE, RUNT! OR YOU'LL BE DEAD!
I GOT THE STONES, NO ONE KNOWS I'M HERE. I COULD LEAVE.
I SHOULD LEAVE.
MOVE, BEFORE I--
WHUMP!


LATER, AS DARKNESS BEGINS TO GREY AROUND THE EDGES...
INDY! INDY! YOU OKAY?!
YEAH. I THINK SO. WHO'S YOU'RE FRIEND?
THIS IS NAINSUKH, FROM THAT VILLAGE. THEY BRING HIM HERE TO DIG IN THE MINES.
HE TELL YOU WHY?
BECAUSE CHILDREN ARE SMALL -- WE CAN WORK IN TUNNELS. BUT NOW I GROW TOO OLD. NOW THE EVIL OF KALI TAKE ME.
HOW?
THEY WILL MAKE ME DRINK BLOOD OF KALI MA, AND BECOME LIKE THE OTHERS. I BE ALIVE -- BUT LIKE IN NIGHTMARE.
YOU DRINK BLOOD, YOU NOT WAKE UP FROM NIGHTMARE OF KALI MA!
THE TERROR IN THE YOUNG BOY'S EYES IS UNMISTAKABLE, AND STAYS WITH INDY AND SHORT ROUND WHEN, MOMENTS LATER, THEY ARE PULLED RUDELY FROM THEIR CELL --
--HERDED DOWN A NEARBY TUNNEL--
--AND THRUST WITHOUT CEREMONY INTO ANOTHER CHAMBER, A GHASTLY GALLERY OF RITUALISTIC STATUES AND GRISLY ICONS.
THE FOUL AND FITTING HOME OF--


-- MOLA RAM!
YOU WERE CAUGHT TRYING TO STEAL THE SANKARA STONES.
NOBODY'S PERFECT_
BESIDES, THE WAY I HEARD IT, YOU STOLE ONE OF THEM FROM A SMALL VILLAGE.
THERE WERE FIVE STONES IN THE BEGINNING. OVER THE CENTURIES THEY WERE DISPERSED BY WARS, SOLD OFF BY THIEVES LIKE YOU.
THEN TWO ARE STILL MISSING.
NO. THEY ARE HERE-- SOMEWHERE. A CENTURY AGO, WHEN THE BRITISH RAIDED THIS TEMPLE AND BUTCHERED MY PEOPLE, A LOYAL PRIEST HID THE LAST TWO STONES DOWN HERE IN THE CATACOMBS.
THAT'S WHAT YOU'VE GOT THESE CHILDREN-- THESE SLAVES-- DIGGING FOR?
THEY DIG FOR GEMS TO SUPPORT OUR CAUSE. THEY ALSO SEARCH FOR THE LAST TWO STONES. SOON WE WILL HAVE ALL FIVE SANKARA STONES, AND THE THUGGEES WILL BE ALL POWER-FUL!
NOBODY CAN SAY YOU DON'T HAVE A VIVID IMAGINATION_
YOU DO NOT BELIEVE ME? YOU WILL, DR. JONES. YOU WILL SOON BECOME A TRUE BELIEVER!
AND HIS HIGHNESS, THE MAHARAJAH, WILL WITNESS THE CONVERSION.



YOU WILL NOT SUFFER, DOCTOR. I RECENTLY BECAME OF AGE AND TASTED THE BLOOD OF KALI, TOO.
WHA--NAINSUKH! WITH A SKULL! FULL OF BLOOD!
HOLD HIM!
YOU STRUGGLE, BUT YOU WILL LEARN TO OBEY. BECAUSE YOU ARE POWERLESS!
A KRTYA!
I CONTROL YOU NOW.
AAAGHH
SSSSSS
THE BRITISH IN INDIA WILL BE SLAUGHTERED! THEN WE WILL OVERRUN THE MOSLEMS AND FORCE THEIR "ALLAH" TO BOW, TO KALI!
AND THEN THE HEBREW GOD WILL FALL, AND FINALLY THE CHRISTIAN GOD WILL BE CAST DOWN AND FOR-GOTTEN! AND THEN--
--KALI MA WILL RULE THE WORLD!!


BUT AS INDY CHOKES, WILLIE SCOTT TRIES NOT TO GASP, FEARING SHE MIGHT BREATHE IN ONE OF THE CRAWLING HORRORS THAT COVER HER FROM HER FLIGHT BACK THROUGH THE TUNNELS,
SHE SWATS INSECTS, FIGHTS TEARS, WONDERING WHAT TO DO NEXT...
...LITTLE REALIZING THAT SUCH A CHOICE MIGHT NOT BE HERS TO MAKE!
MR. LAL! Y-YOU'VE GOT TO HELP US! WE FOUND A TEMPLE BENEATH THE PALACE! AND SOME LUNATICS DROPPED SOME POOR MAN IN BOILING LAVA!
THEY KILLED HIM!
YES, MISS SCOTT--
--WE DID!
FOR A MOMENT, THE YOUNG WOMAN IS SPEECHLESS...
...THEN, SHE SCREAMS...
LATER, IN THE TEMPLE OF DEATH, MORNING SERVICES BEGIN. ONCE MORE A SEA OF FRIGHTENED FACES INTONES THE SACRIFICIAL CHANT, AS MOLA RAM ADDRESSES THE MULTITUDE IN SANSKRIT.
HE IS TELLING THE FAITHFUL OF OUR VICTORY. YOU UNDERSTAND?

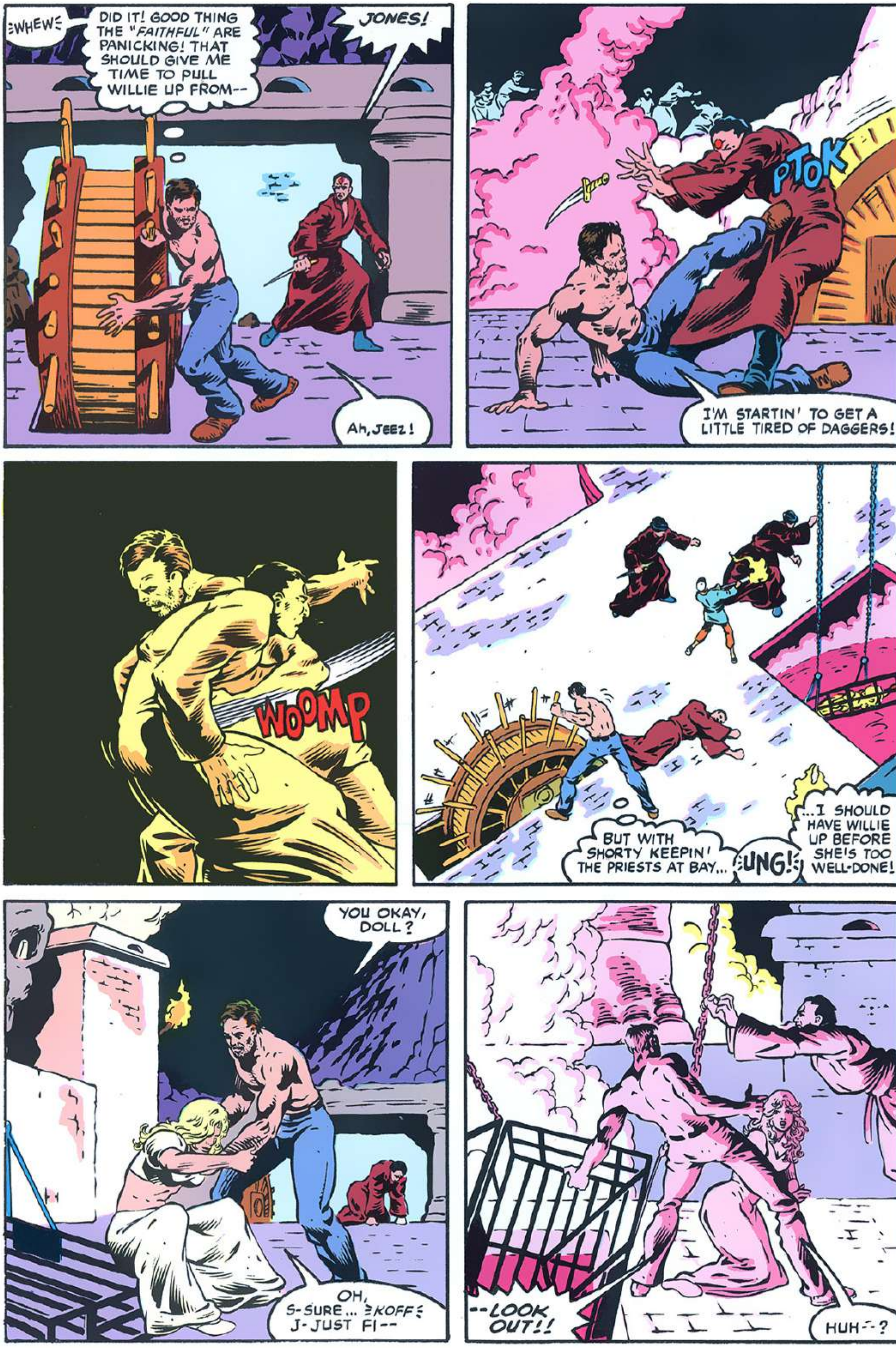

YES. THE SOLDIERS HAVE GONE. KALI MA PROTECTS US NOW AND FOREVER. WE MUST PLEDGE OUR DEVOTION BY WORSHIPPING HER--
-- WITH OFFERINGS OF FLESH AND BLOOD!
YOUR FRIEND HAS SEEN, SHE HAS HEARD. NOW, SHE WILL NOT TALK!
INDY! HELP! D-DON'T LET THEM DO THIS TO ME!
GOOD! TH-THAT'S RIGHT! HELP ME LOOSE--!
WHAT?! YOU'RE TYING IT?!
NOOO!!
WHILE IN THE SLAVE PIT BELOW...
BUT THE ROCK--! IT IS HEAVY!
THAT IS NO EXCUSE! PULL IT OUT, OR I'LL--
EEYAGGH!!
LAVA!


HE'S MEAN, BUT I CAN'T LET HIM BURN!
THIS GUNNY SACK WILL HELP WIPE OFF LAVA! GOT TO HURRY! HE IN A LOT OF--
--PAIN?
HIS EYES! THEY ALIVE AGAIN! HE AWAKE FROM NIGHTMARE OF KALI MA!
COME! YOU MUST BE TAKEN TO MOLA RAM!
N-NO! PLEASE! N-NOT AGAIN--!
THE PAIN MAKE HIM WAKE UP! AND IF PAIN CAN MAKE GUARD WAKE UP--
--IT CAN MAKE INDY WAKE UP!
KLUNK
WITH A FOCUS AND DETERMINATION STRONG BEYOND HIS YEARS, SHORT ROUND WORKS AT THE RUSTY CHAIN, STRIKING AGAIN AND AGAIN. THE ROCK SHATTERS. HE PICKS UP ANOTHER, AND BEGINS ANEW...

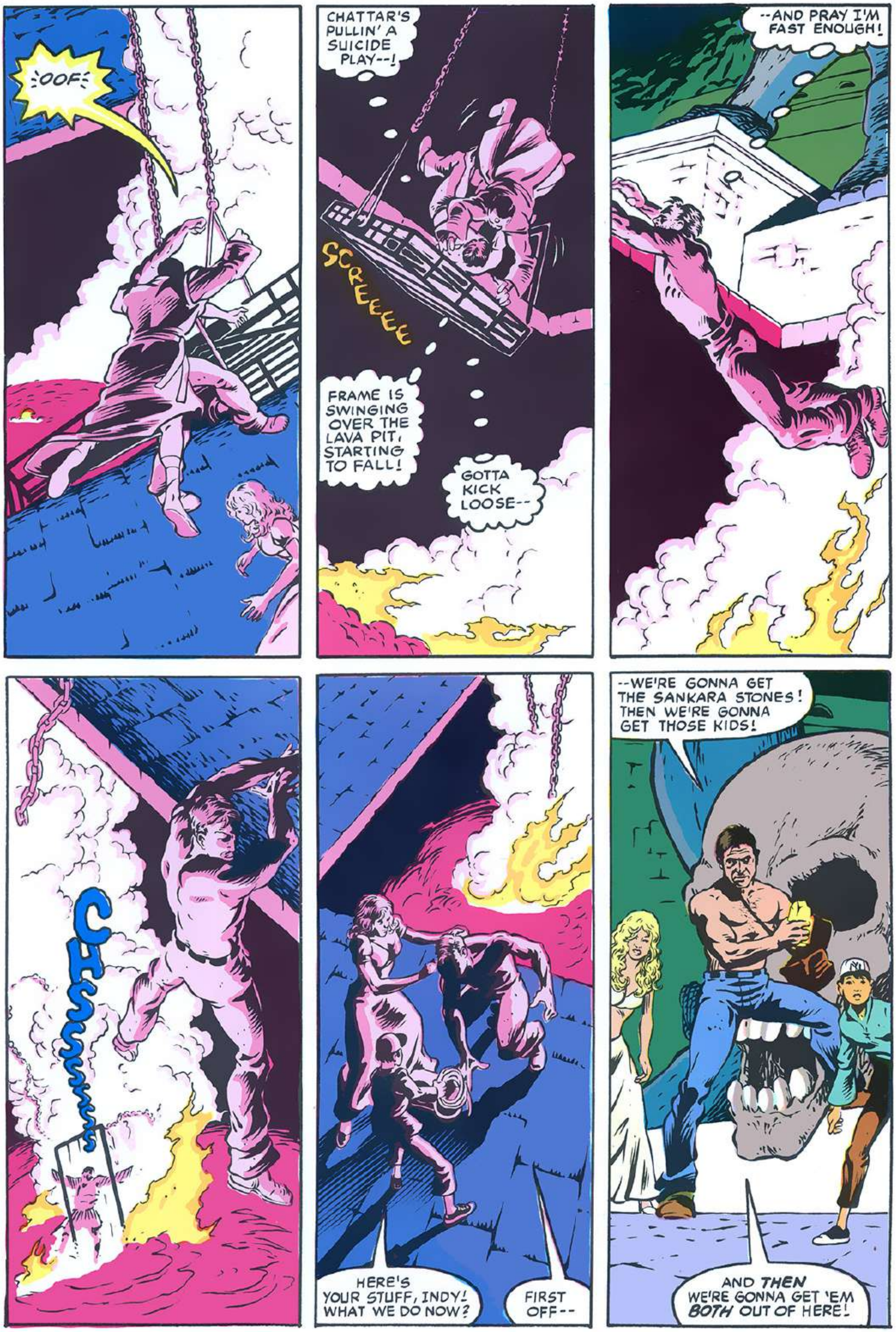


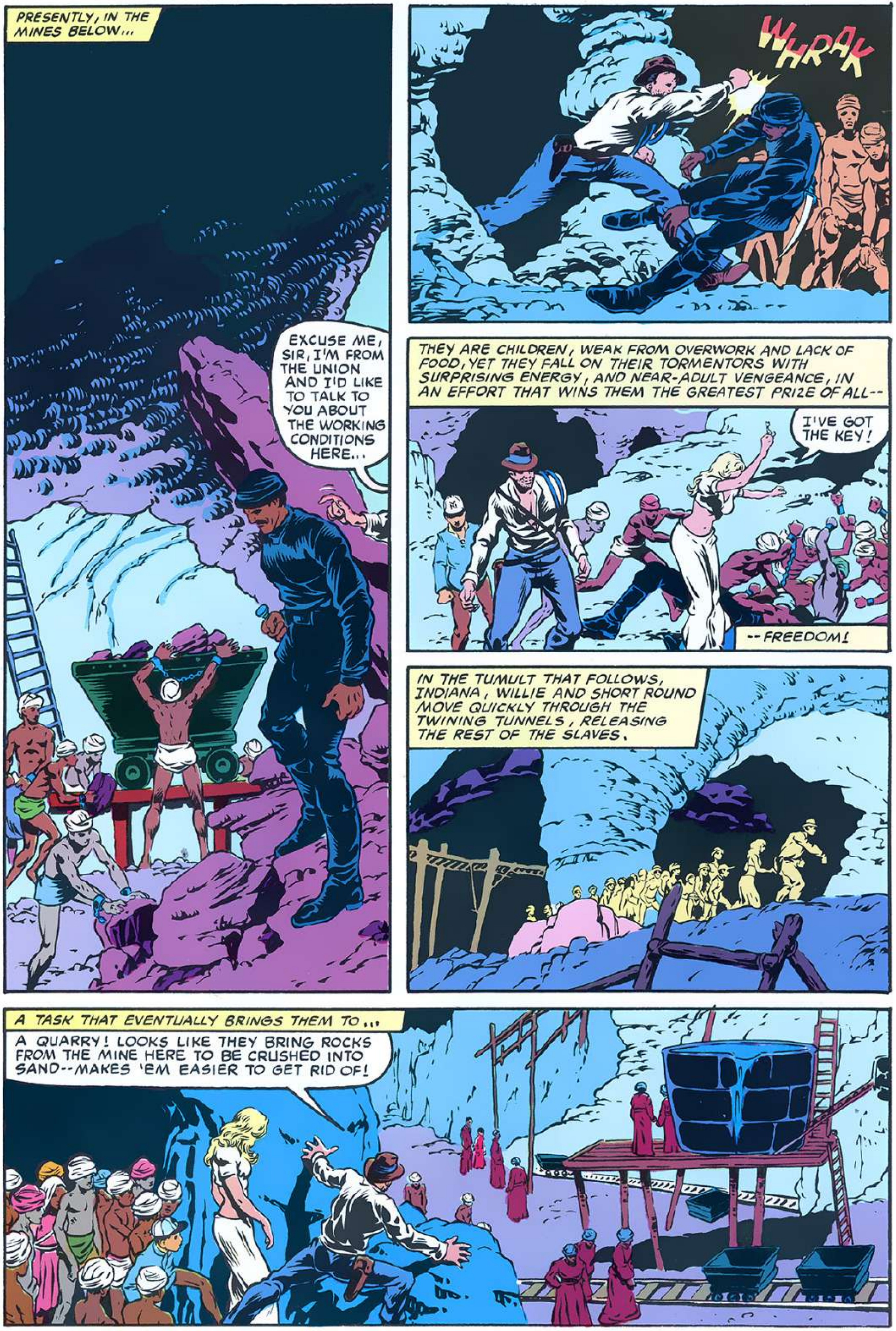
SO THAT SOME TIME LATER, AN EXHAUSTED BUT TRIUMPHANT TWELVE YEAR OLD MAKES HIS WAY TO THE DARK TEMPLE--
--WHERE TIRED EYES SUDDENLY WIDEN WITH FEAR!
WILLIE! BEING LOWERED INTO LAVA! AND INDY IS JUST WATCHING!
NO! INDY! WAKE UP!
EH?! STOP HIM!
THWAP
UUNHH!
INDY! WH-WHY'D YOU DO THAT?! I'M YOUR FRIEND!
NO! IT WASN'T INDY! IT'S SOMETHING MAKING INDY DO THINGS!
SOMETHING THAT NOT GO 'WAY 'TIL I MAKE INDY--
--WAKE UP!
WAAHGGH!
SSSSSS


I WILL DEAL WITH THE INFIDEL!
NO! GIVE HIM TO ME!
YAHOO!
THWOK
WE GOT TO HELP WILLIE!
I'VE BEEN OUT OF IT FOR A WHILE, KIDDO, BUT I DON'T NEED A SCORECARD TO SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING!
OR WHAT I NEED TO DO ABOUT IT!
CHRUD
KA KLANK KLAKA KLAKA
BLAST! PRIEST LET GO OF THE CRANKWHEEL!
WILLIE'S DROPPIN' LIKE A STONE ZEPPELIN! GOTTA STOP HER!
KLAK KLAK KLAK



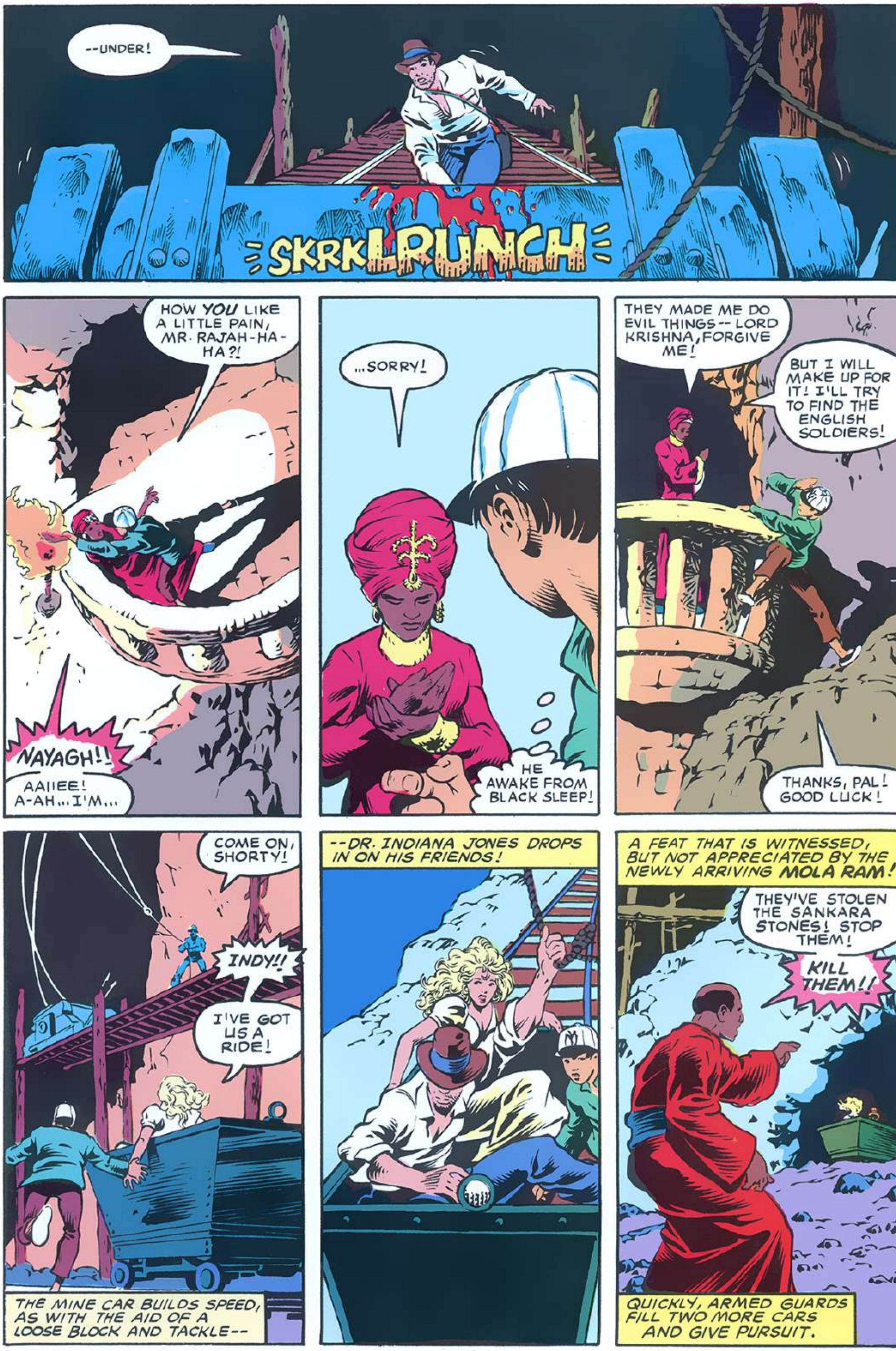
≡WHEW≡
DID IT! GOOD THING THE "FAITHFUL" ARE PANICKING! THAT SHOULD GIVE ME TIME TO PULL WILLIE UP FROM--
JONES!
Ah, JEEZ!
PTOK
I'M STARTIN' TO GET A LITTLE TIRED OF DAGGERS!
WOOMP
BUT WITH SHORTY KEEPIN' THE PRIESTS AT BAY...
≡UNG!≡
...I SHOULD HAVE WILLIE UP BEFORE SHE'S TOO WELL-DONE!
YOU OKAY, DOLL?
OH, S-SURE... ≡KOFF≡ J-JUST FI--
--LOOK OUT!!
HUH--?


OOF
CHATTAR'S PULLIN' A SUICIDE PLAY--!
SCREEEEE
FRAME IS SWINGING OVER THE LAVA PIT, STARTING TO FALL!
GOTTA KICK LOOSE--
--AND PRAY I'M FAST ENOUGH!
CHSSSSSS
HERE'S YOUR STUFF, INDY! WHAT WE DO NOW?
FIRST OFF--
--WE'RE GONNA GET THE SANKARA STONES! THEN WE'RE GONNA GET THOSE KIDS!
AND THEN WE'RE GONNA GET 'EM BOTH OUT OF HERE!


PRESENTLY, IN THE MINES BELOW...
EXCUSE ME, SIR, I'M FROM THE UNION AND I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THE WORKING CONDITIONS HERE...
WHRAK
THEY ARE CHILDREN, WEAK FROM OVERWORK AND LACK OF FOOD, YET THEY FALL ON THEIR TORMENTORS WITH SURPRISING ENERGY, AND NEAR-ADULT VENGEANCE, IN AN EFFORT THAT WINS THEM THE GREATEST PRIZE OF ALL--
I'VE GOT THE KEY!
--FREEDOM!
IN THE TUMULT THAT FOLLOWS, INDIANA, WILLIE AND SHORT ROUND MOVE QUICKLY THROUGH THE TWINING TUNNELS, RELEASING THE REST OF THE SLAVES.
A TASK THAT EVENTUALLY BRINGS THEM TO...
A QUARRY! LOOKS LIKE THEY BRING ROCKS FROM THE MINE HERE TO BE CRUSHED INTO SAND--MAKES 'EM EASIER TO GET RID OF!

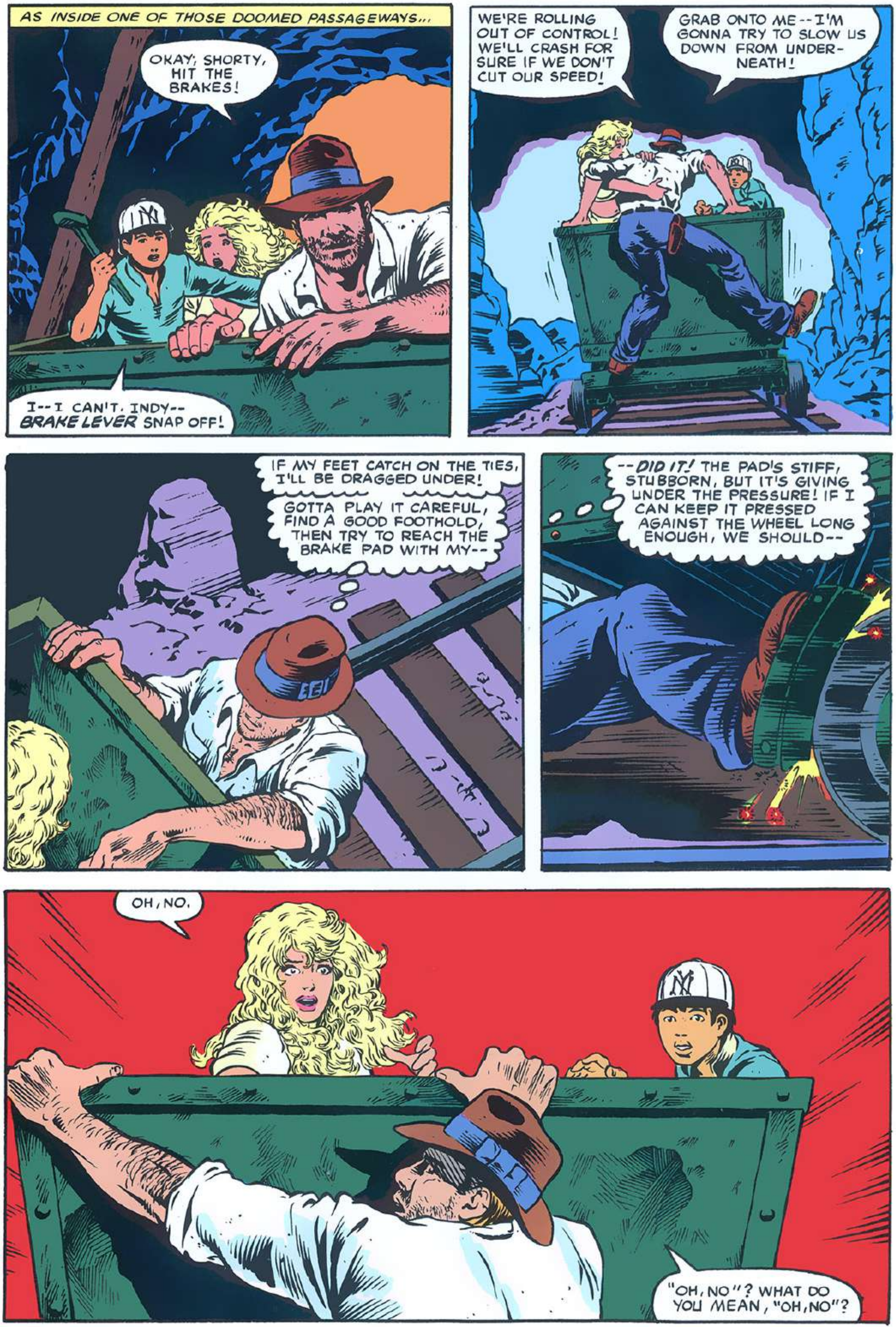

THOSE EMPTY CARS PROBABLY GO OUT OF THE MINES. MAYBE WE CAN HITCH A RIDE ON -- WILLIE?
WHAT'S WRONG?
I SEE THE PROBLEM...
WHUNT
≶BRRP≶
Uh-Oh.
GOTTA FIND SOME-THING TO EVEN THE ODDS, OR THIS BEAR'S GONNA HAVE ME FOR BREAKFAS--
AGH!
MY STOMACH! THE PAIN!
INDY! WHAT HAPPEN?!
WHAT'S WRONG WITH--
THERE! ON THAT BALCONY! STINKING PRINCE PUTTING PINS IN INDY-DOLL!
BUT HE NOT DO IT FOR LONG, YOU BETCHA!


WE'RE SPILLING ONTO THE CON-VEYOR BELT, HEADING FOR THE ROCK CRUSHER! WE'LL BE PULPED!
HAVE TO GET OFF BEFORE--
LITTLE PRINCE PLAY ROUGH--
AHHYAA!!
-- BUT SHORT ROUND PLAY ROUGHER!!
WHAT--?!
PAIN STOPPED!
JUST IN TIME--!
LEAST NOW I'VE GOT A FIGHTING CHANCE!
THRUNT
EH?! GUARD'S SASH CAUGHT IN THE CRUSHER'S WHEEL--!
HE'S BEING PULLED--

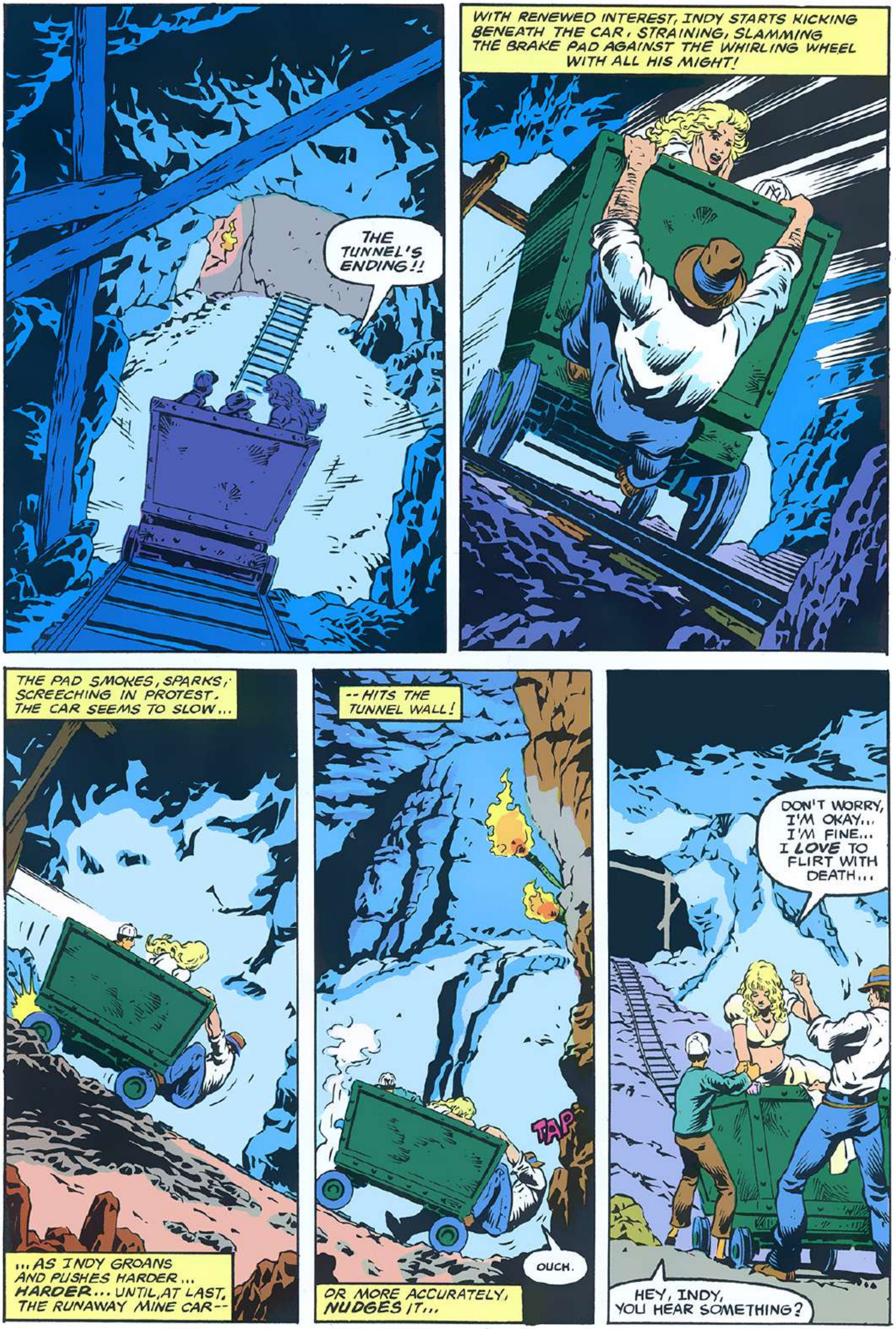

--UNDER!
SKRKLRUNCH
HOW YOU LIKE A LITTLE PAIN, MR. RAJAH-HA-HA?!
NAYAGH!!
AAIIEE! A-AH... I'M...
...SORRY!
HE AWAKE FROM BLACK SLEEP!
THEY MADE ME DO EVIL THINGS -- LORD KRISHNA, FORGIVE ME!
BUT I WILL MAKE UP FOR IT! I'LL TRY TO FIND THE ENGLISH SOLDIERS!
THANKS, PAL! GOOD LUCK!
COME ON, SHORTY!
INDY!!
I'VE GOT US A RIDE!
THE MINE CAR BUILDS SPEED, AS WITH THE AID OF A LOOSE BLOCK AND TACKLE--
--DR. INDIANA JONES DROPS IN ON HIS FRIENDS!
A FEAT THAT IS WITNESSED, BUT NOT APPRECIATED BY THE NEWLY ARRIVING MOLA RAM!
THEY'VE STOLEN THE SANKARA STONES! STOP THEM!
KILL THEM!!
QUICKLY, ARMED GUARDS FILL TWO MORE CARS AND GIVE PURSUIT.


THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US!!
SO WHAT? I'M SHOOTING BACK, AREN'T I?!
SPWEENG
SPWEENG
KBAM
KBLAM
BUT WHAT ABOUT THE CURVES?! WE'RE GOING TOO FAST!!
PWOW
PEE-OW
GET TO THE INSIDE OF THE CAR! THAT'LL KEEP US ON THE TRACKS!
AND IT DOES-- JUST!-- AS THE CAREENING GONDOLA FLIES AROUND A NEAR CORNER ON TWO WHEELS!
SKREEEEEE!
SKRAK
WHICH, FORTUNATELY, IS TWO MORE THAN THE LEAD PURSUER IS ABLE TO HOLD!
PRACHOOM
ONE DOWN, ONE TO GO! C'MON, HELP ME WITH THIS BOULDER!
ONE... TWO...


...NOW!!
KTUMP
BTUDD
PAKARSH!
WHILE ABOVE...
GUNMEN MAY NOT BE ENOUGH! GET HAMMERS! QUICKLY!
THE THUGGEES COMPLY--
--AND SOON STEEL SLEDGES BITE INTO ROCK, CHIPPING AWAY AT THE HUGE SUPPORTS OF THE NOW SWAYING CISTERN.
ONE PILLAR GIVES... CRUMBLES... THEN ANOTHER.
UNTIL, AT LAST, THE COLOSSAL TANK TILTS FORWARD--
--AND CRASHES TO THE GROUND, SENDING A HALF-MILLION GALLONS OF WATER EXPLODING ACROSS THE CAVERN--
--AND INTO THE MINE CAR TUNNELS!



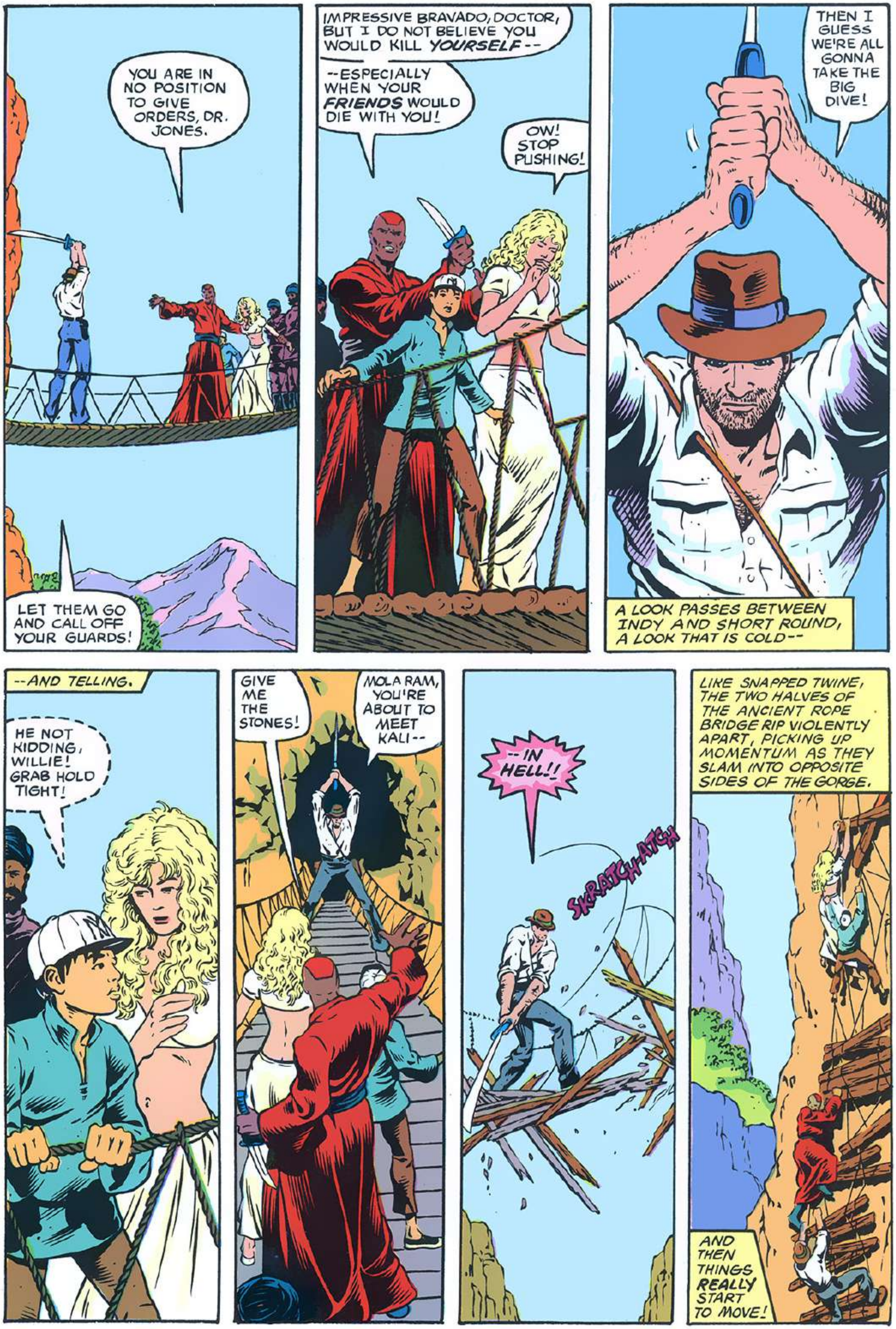
AS INSIDE ONE OF THOSE DOOMED PASSAGEWAYS...
OKAY; SHORTY, HIT THE BRAKES!
I--I CAN'T, INDY-- BRAKE LEVER SNAP OFF!
WE'RE ROLLING OUT OF CONTROL! WE'LL CRASH FOR SURE IF WE DON'T CUT OUR SPEED!
GRAB ONTO ME--I'M GONNA TRY TO SLOW US DOWN FROM UNDERNEATH!
IF MY FEET CATCH ON THE TIES, I'LL BE DRAGGED UNDER!
GOTTA PLAY IT CAREFUL, FIND A GOOD FOOTHOLD, THEN TRY TO REACH THE BRAKE PAD WITH MY--
--DID IT! THE PAD'S STIFF, STUBBORN, BUT IT'S GIVING UNDER THE PRESSURE! IF I CAN KEEP IT PRESSED AGAINST THE WHEEL LONG ENOUGH, WE SHOULD--
OH, NO.
"OH, NO"? WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "OH, NO"?

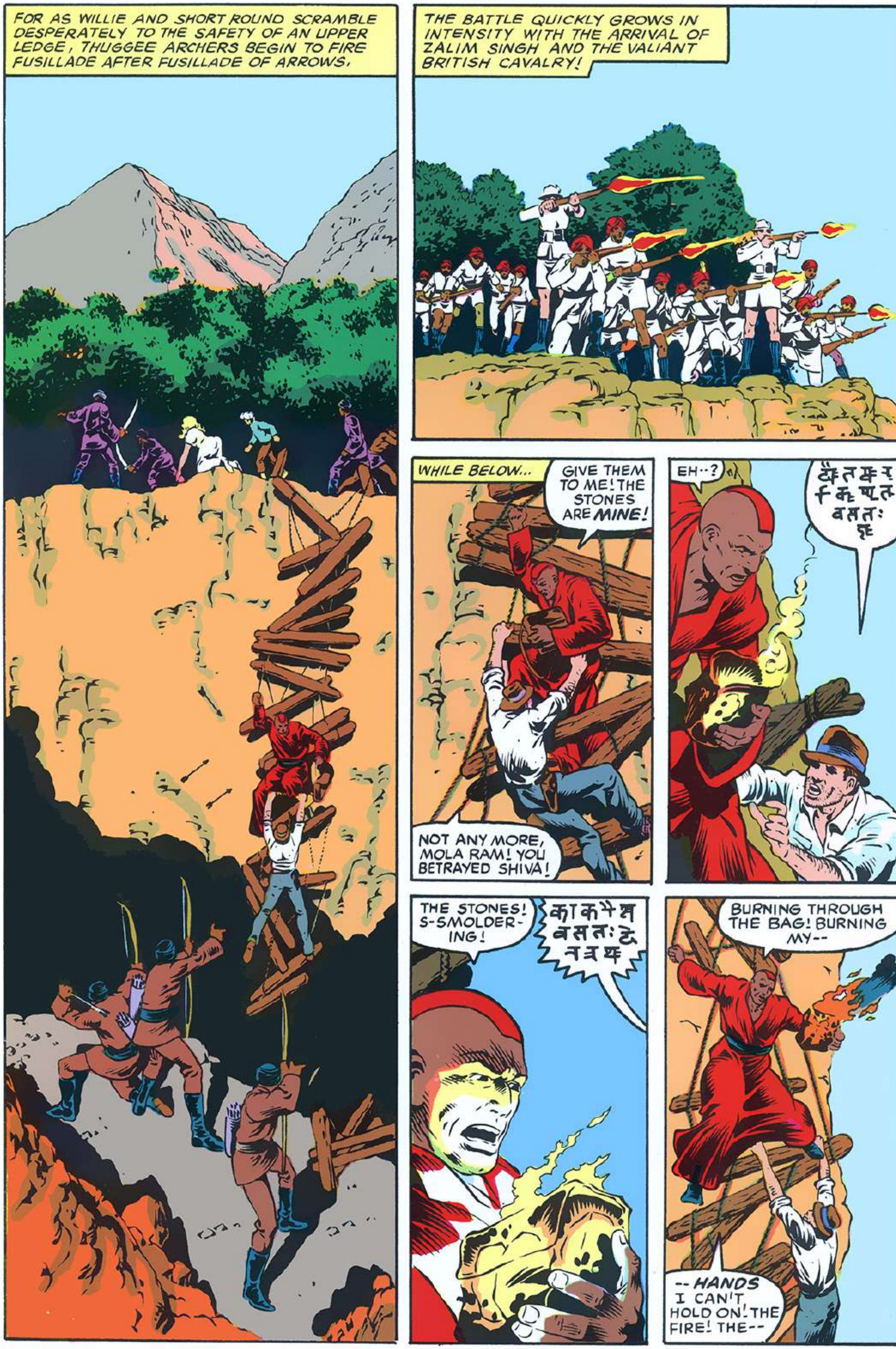

THE TUNNEL'S ENDING!!
WITH RENEWED INTEREST, INDY STARTS KICKING BENEATH THE CAR, STRAINING, SLAMMING THE BRAKE PAD AGAINST THE WHIRLING WHEEL WITH ALL HIS MIGHT!
THE PAD SMOKES, SPARKS, SCREECHING IN PROTEST. THE CAR SEEMS TO SLOW...
...AS INDY GROANS AND PUSHES HARDER... HARDER... UNTIL, AT LAST, THE RUNAWAY MINE CAR--
--HITS THE TUNNEL WALL!
TAP
OUCH.
OR MORE ACCURATELY, NUDGES IT...
DON'T WORRY, I'M OKAY... I'M FINE... I LOVE TO FLIRT WITH DEATH...
HEY, INDY, YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

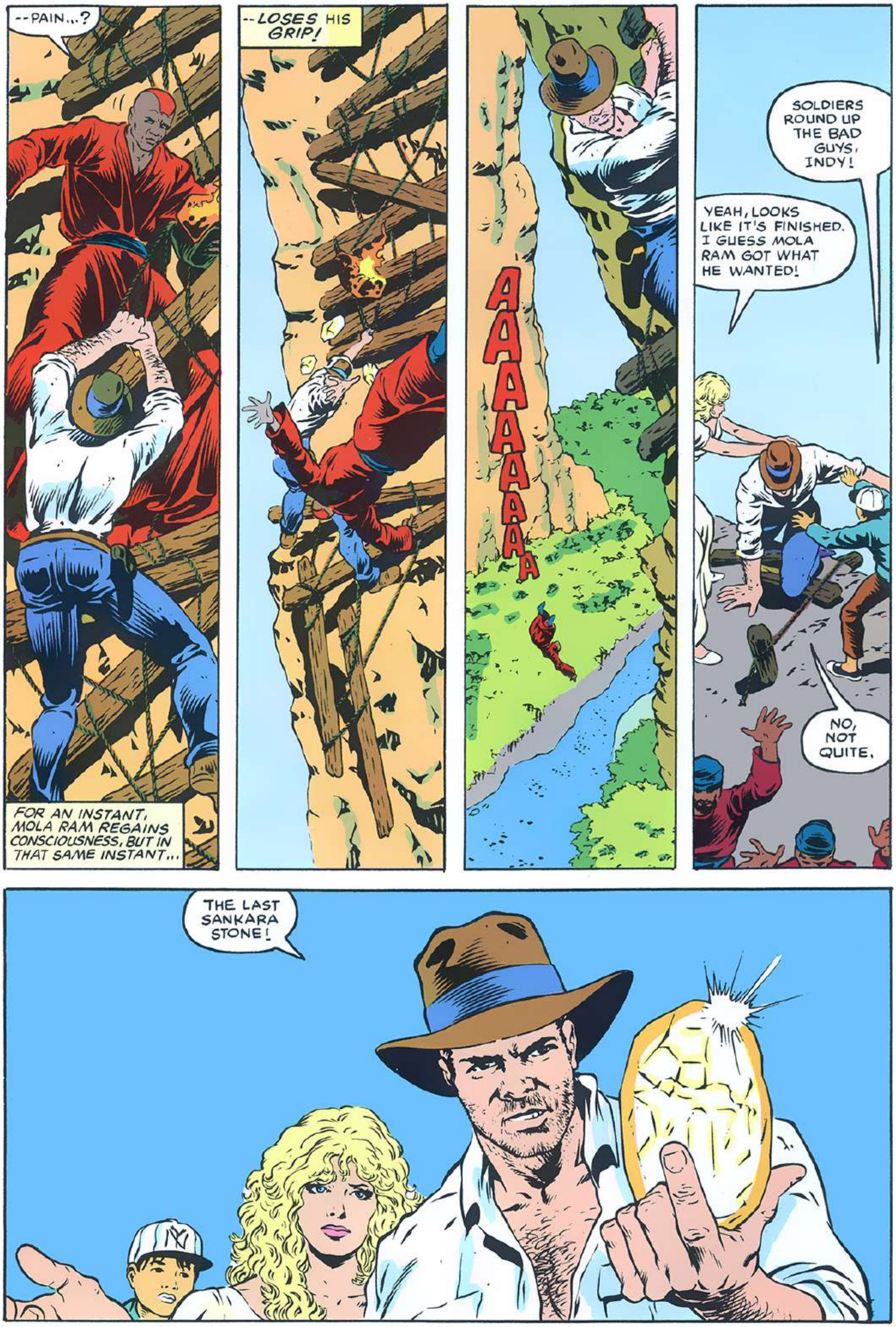

RRROOAARR
OH... MY... LORD...
HERE! DOWN THIS SIDE CAVERN!
DIVE!
AND DIVE THEY DO, LUNGING AND ROLLING, TUMBLING DOWN AN ORE CHUTE AND FINDING LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL--
IT'S A DROP-OFF!
GET TO THE SIDE!!
JUST IN TIME!
KAROOOSHH

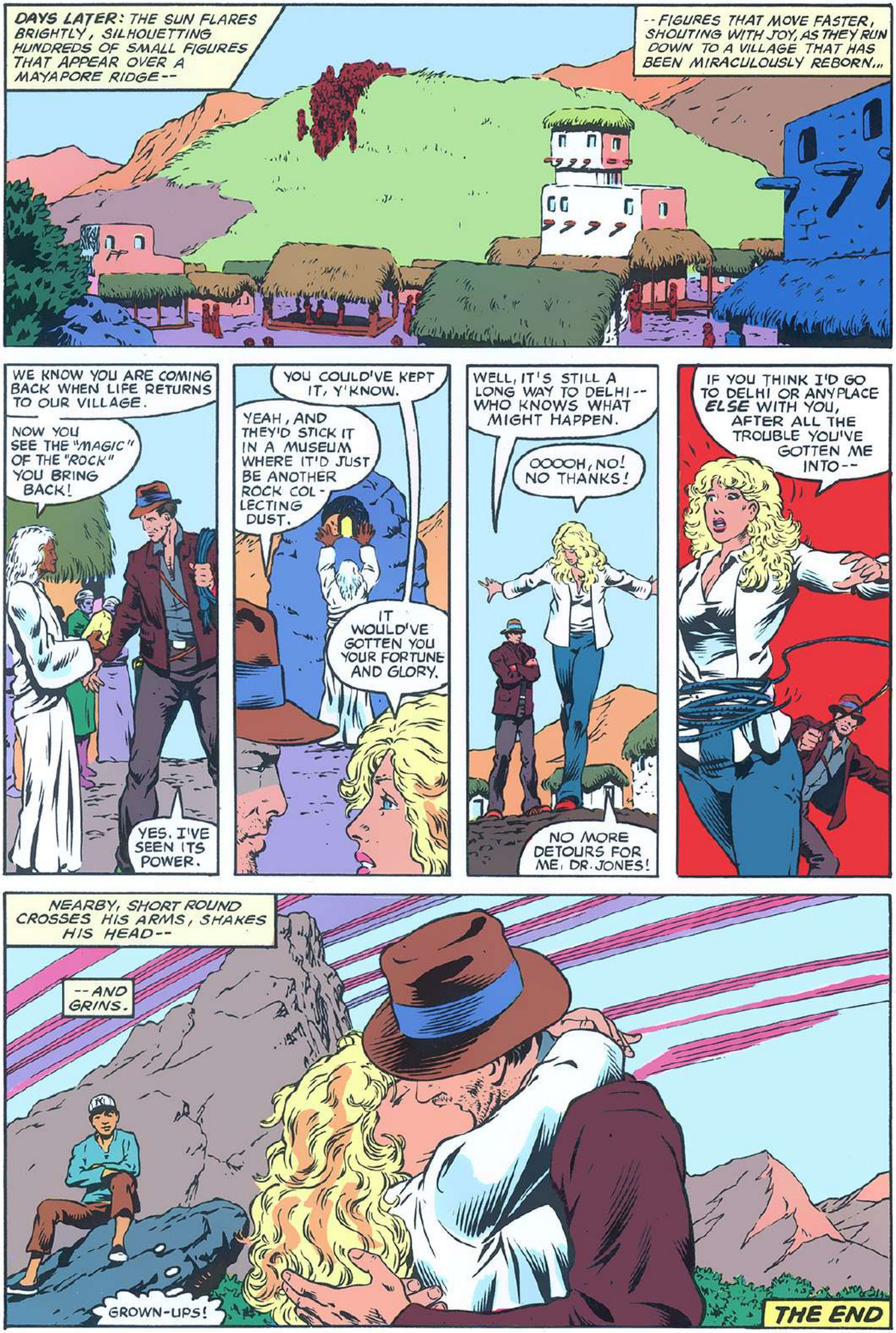


THERE'S OUR WAY OUT! THE BRIDGE! CLIMB UP TO THE BRIDGE!
BUT AS WILLIE AND SHORTY CLAMBER UP AND OUT ONTO THE ROTTED, RICKETY BRIDGE...
THUGGEES! COMIN' FROM THE TUNNEL!
WHEN THIS IS ALL OVER, I'M GONNA SLEEP FOR A MONTH!
YAAAAAA!!
YAAAAA YOURSELF!
NOW TO-- BLAST! MOLA RAM AND MORE OF HIS GOONS! THEY'VE GOT WILLIE AND SHORTY!
LET 'EM GO, MOLA RAM!


YOU ARE IN NO POSITION TO GIVE ORDERS, DR. JONES.
LET THEM GO AND CALL OFF YOUR GUARDS!
IMPRESSIVE BRAVADO, DOCTOR, BUT I DO NOT BELIEVE YOU WOULD KILL YOURSELF--
--ESPECIALLY WHEN YOUR FRIENDS WOULD DIE WITH YOU!
OW! STOP PUSHING!
THEN I GUESS WE'RE ALL GONNA TAKE THE BIG DIVE!
A LOOK PASSES BETWEEN INDY AND SHORT ROUND, A LOOK THAT IS COLD--
--AND TELLING.
HE NOT KIDDING, WILLIE! GRAB HOLD TIGHT!
GIVE ME THE STONES!
MOLA RAM, YOU'RE ABOUT TO MEET KALI--
--IN HELL!!
SKRATCH-ATCH
LIKE SNAPPED TWINE, THE TWO HALVES OF THE ANCIENT ROPE BRIDGE RIP VIOLENTLY APART, PICKING UP MOMENTUM AS THEY SLAM INTO OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE GORGE.
AND THEN THINGS REALLY START TO MOVE!


FOR AS WILLIE AND SHORT ROUND SCRAMBLE DESPERATELY TO THE SAFETY OF AN UPPER LEDGE, THUGGEE ARCHERS BEGIN TO FIRE FUSILLADE AFTER FUSILLADE OF ARROWS.
THE BATTLE QUICKLY GROWS IN INTENSITY WITH THE ARRIVAL OF ZALIM SINGH AND THE VALIANT BRITISH CAVALRY!
WHILE BELOW...
GIVE THEM TO ME! THE STONES ARE MINE!
NOT ANY MORE, MOLA RAM! YOU BETRAYED SHIVA!
EH--?
THE STONES! S-SMOLDER-ING!
BURNING THROUGH THE BAG! BURNING MY--
--HANDS I CAN'T HOLD ON! THE FIRE! THE--

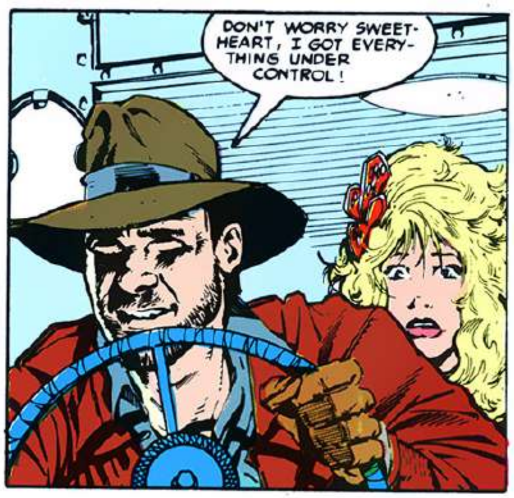

--PAIN...?
FOR AN INSTANT, MOLA RAM REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS, BUT IN THAT SAME INSTANT...
--LOSES HIS GRIP!
AAAAAAAAAA
SOLDIERS ROUND UP THE BAD GUYS, INDY!
YEAH, LOOKS LIKE IT'S FINISHED. I GUESS MOLA RAM GOT WHAT HE WANTED!
NO, NOT QUITE.
THE LAST SANKARA STONE!



DAYS LATER: THE SUN FLARES BRIGHTLY, SILHOUETTING HUNDREDS OF SMALL FIGURES THAT APPEAR OVER A MAYAPORE RIDGE--
--FIGURES THAT MOVE FASTER, SHOUTING WITH JOY, AS THEY RUN DOWN TO A VILLAGE THAT HAS BEEN MIRACULOUSLY REBORN...
WE KNOW YOU ARE COMING BACK WHEN LIFE RETURNS TO OUR VILLAGE.
NOW YOU SEE THE "MAGIC" OF THE "ROCK" YOU BRING BACK!
YES. I'VE SEEN ITS POWER.
YOU COULD'VE KEPT IT, Y'KNOW.
YEAH, AND THEY'D STICK IT IN A MUSEUM WHERE IT'D JUST BE ANOTHER ROCK COLLECTING DUST.
IT WOULD'VE GOTTEN YOU YOUR FORTUNE AND GLORY.
WELL, IT'S STILL A LONG WAY TO DELHI-- WHO KNOWS WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN.
OOOOH, NO! NO THANKS!
NO MORE DETOURS FOR ME, DR. JONES!
IF YOU THINK I'D GO TO DELHI OR ANYPLACE ELSE WITH YOU, AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE YOU'VE GOTTEN ME INTO--
NEARBY, SHORT ROUND CROSSES HIS ARMS, SHAKES HIS HEAD--
--AND GRINS.
GROWN-UPS!
THE END

**PARAMOUNT PICTURES Presents**
**A LUCASFILM LTD. Production**
**A STEVEN SPIELBERG Film**

# INDIANA JONES and the TEMPLE OF DOOM™




| Role | Actor |
|---|---|
| Indiana Jones | HARRISON FORD |
| Willie Scott | KATE CAPSHAW |
| Mola Ram | AMRISH PURI |
| Chattar Lal | ROSHAN SETH |
| Captain Blumburtt | PHILIP STONE |
| Lao Che | ROY CHIAO |
| Wu Han | DAVID YIP |
| Kao Kan | RIC YOUNG |
| Chen | CHUA KAH JOO |
| Maitre D' | REX NGUI |
| Chief Henchman | PHILIP TANN |
| Weber | DAN ACKROYD |
| Chinese Pilot | AKIO MITAMURA |
| Chinese Co-Pilot | MICHAEL YAMA |
| Shaman | D.R. NANAYAKKARA |
| Chieftain | DHARMADASA KURUPPU |
| Sajnu | STANY DE SILVA |
| Village Women | RUBY DE MIEL, D.M. DENAWAKE, I. SERASINGHE |
| Village Child | DHARSHANA PANANGALA |
| Little Maharajah | RAJ SINGH |
| Merchant #1 | FRANK OLEGARIO |
| Merchane #2 | AHMED EL-SHENAWI |
| Sacrifice Victim | NIZWAR KARANJ |
| Chief Guard | PAT ROACH |
| Guard | MOTI MAKAN |
| Temple Guards | MELLAN MITCHELL, BHASKER PATEL |
| 1st Boy in Cell | ARJUN PANDHER |
| 2nd Boy in Cell | ZIA GELANI |

